

# Crittenden Record-Press

No. 23

Marion, Crittenden County Kentucky, Thursday, Morning, Jan. 3 1918

Vol. XXXX

## AMERICA OR -GERMANY

We Love Our Wives, Mothers And  
Daughters And We Must De-  
fend The Sanctity of Home.

Am I for America or Germany?  
Am I for a Government by the  
people or by the Kaiser?

Am I for freedom or autocracy?

Am I for the purity of the  
home, the protection of my wife  
and children, or am I for the  
rape of our women, and the main-  
ing and murder of innocent chil-  
dren and the helpless and infirm  
old?

Am I for the Christ or the  
Devil?

Am I for the encouragement  
of the young men who are going  
to fight for the right, for the pro-  
tection of our homes, our wives,  
and our children, or am I for the  
encouragement of the Germans  
and their allies?

Am I a patriot or a slacker?

Have I done anything to show  
that I am for America, for free-  
dom, for the protection of our  
homes, our wives and our chil-  
dren, for Christ and the encour-  
agement of our young men who  
are going to fight for them?

Have I done all that I can?

Am I willing to back my prin-  
ciple with my money?

These are questions that are  
pressing themselves upon every  
sober thinking person for  
answer. Our country is engaged  
in a war of self defense of all it  
holds dear, of the freedom of  
the people, of the protection of  
womanhood, the home, the lives  
of innocent children, the helpless  
and aged, of the principles of  
Christ, against Germany and her  
Allies, who are waging the most  
cruel, merciless and savage war  
of all history, and have violated  
every international law, have  
murdered civilians, men women  
and children, have ravished the  
women of conquered territories,  
have poisoned the wells and  
drinking water, and have done  
every thing they could conceive  
to make war more horrible and  
dreadful, and for what purpose?  
To put fear into the hearts of the  
people? to break down their  
courage to prevent resistance to  
German progress in her aim to  
rule the world and with the av-  
owed intention of conquering  
the United States after the  
defeat of England and their  
Allies (Read Samuel G. Blythe's  
"Der Tag-for us", in the Satur-  
day Evening Post of December  
22, 1917.

If we have not and are not do-  
ing everything we can to help  
America and her Allies win this  
war and to encourage and  
aid our soldiers, we are thereby  
giving aid and comfort to the  
Germans and their Allies, Christ  
has said, "Those who are  
not for me are against me. This  
truth is eternal. There is  
no middle ground. We cannot  
be for anything without doing  
something for what we are for.  
Those who are going to fight for  
us need our expressed sympathy  
and encouragement. If we do  
nothing to show that our sym-  
pathies are with them they will  
never know, and if we do noth-  
ing to show that our sympathies  
are with our boys, the Germans  
will have the right to feel that we  
are for them. Doing nothing  
for our soldiers is giving aid and  
comfort to our enemies. If all  
our people who stay at home  
should content themselves with  
saying, "I pay my taxes to the

## BOURLAND & HAYNES INSURANCE AGENCY

Telephone 32

Marion, Kentucky

—EXTENDS THE SEASON'S GREETINGS TO ITS FRIENDS AND PATRONS  
FOR MAKING 1917 THE BEST YEAR OF ITS EXISTENCE.

### THERE IS A REASON — SECURITY AND SERVICE

This Agency has been under the same management for sixteen years, and gives a service  
that can not be excelled. We make insurance a business, and are thoroughly familiar  
with all its branches. We solicit your business upon the basis of *Security and Service*.

FIRE - LIFE - HEALTH AND ACCIDENT - AUTOMOBILE - TORNADO  
STEAM BOILER - PLATE GLASS - SURETY AND BONDS  
LIABILITY - WORKMEN'S COMPENSATION



J. C. BOURLAND, Proprietor  
Marion, Kentucky

Established 1902

## THE GOVERNMENT WANTS YOU

Will Pay You One Thousand Dol-  
lars A Year To Do Office Work  
Take The Necessary Training.

Every young man, as well as  
every young woman, who de-  
sires to serve the Government  
doing office work, at a salary of  
ONE THOUSAND dollars a year  
should read the following letter  
and act NOW:

(Copy.)

Nashville, Tenn.,

Dec. 6, 1917.

Editor of Record-Press.

Dear sir:

You are hereby authorized to  
appoint and send to us, with a  
letter of introduction from you,  
five worthy young men and  
young women each of whom will  
take training for an office posi-  
tion with the Government, at a  
salary of not less than ONE  
THOUSAND DOLLARS a year  
to begin on.

We will give the persons whom  
you appoint the necessary train-  
ing here or by mail, and we will  
give each of them a written  
guarantee that, if we do not se-  
cure for him or her a position as  
stenographer for the Govern-  
ment, at a salary of at least one  
thousand dollars a year to begin  
on, just as soon as he or she be-  
comes qualified, we will refund  
every cent of money paid to us  
for the training. This offer ap-  
plies to young men who are sub-  
ject to draft, as well as to  
others.

The President of the Civil  
Service Commission, Washing-  
ton, D. C., recently wrote to this  
institution, urging it to help the  
Government to secure more  
efficient assistants, both men and  
women, the Government now  
being in need of TEN THOU-  
SAND stenographers and many  
bookkeepers. The Government  
has a representative here every  
Tuesday to interview any of our  
students who may desire a steno-  
graphic position with the Gov-  
ernment.

In order to give you some idea  
of the Government's urgent need  
of office assistants, we ask you  
to read the following recent tele-  
gram from the Government.

(The Telegram.)

Washington, D. C.—Miss Vera  
Gilley, Murfreesboro, Tenn. You  
have been appointed clerk (book-  
keeper.) Internal Revenue Bu-  
reau—salary, one thousand dol-  
lars a year. Report immediately  
at Room 234 Treasury Building.  
Signed Roper, Commissioner.

Miss Gilley received the above  
telegram on the day that she re-  
ceived a diploma from this in-  
stitution, she having on that day  
completed our Home-Study Book-  
keeping Course, which enabled  
her to pass successfully the Civil  
Service Bookkeeping examina-  
tion, which she took three weeks  
before she had fully completed  
our Bookkeeping Course by mail.

Not only is the Government in  
need of office assistants, but  
business concerns also are in  
great need of them.

To any one who will indicate  
an interest in this matter, we  
shall be pleased to mail literature  
giving more information.

Yours very truly,

DRAUGHON'S PRACTICAL  
BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Jno. F. Draughon,

President.

Drives Out Malaria, Builds Up System  
The Old Standard General Anesthetics  
GROVER'S BASTARD'S CHASE BLOOD  
Purifies the Blood, and builds up the  
system. A NEW TREATMENT FOR MALARIA, CHIL-  
DREN'S FEVER, AND OTHER DANGEROUS  
DISEASES.

### Marion Mills Begin

#### Grinding War Flour.

Local mills have begun grind-  
ing "war flour" under the new  
Government regulations design-  
ed to save 16,000,000 bushels of  
wheat in the present crop year.  
Under these regulations, which  
provide for the use of 74 per  
cent, of the wheat berry instead  
of but 50 per cent., two grades  
of flour will be eliminated and  
the output will be listed as war  
flour of first and second grades.

The change will result in a re-  
duction in brand prices and a  
drop in the prices of other by-  
products also is expected.

Our milling companies here  
were not compelled to suspend  
operations because of lack of  
proper equipment for grinding  
the new flour being prepared to  
carry out the law promulgated  
by the government to the letter.

### To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine. It stops the  
Cough and Headache and works off the Cold.  
Druggists refund money if it fails to cure.  
E. W. GROVER'S signature on each box. 30c.

Government and will not do any  
more", they should only be doing  
what the German sympathizers  
and alien enemies are doing.  
They pay their taxes also, be-  
cause the Government requires  
them to do so. The German in-  
fluences in this country are try-  
ing to create such a feeling and  
such an action on the part of our  
people so far as they can, because  
they realize such action would  
create the impression that our  
people are not for America at  
heart. Are we for America and  
for the right in this war, then let  
us, every one, do our bit to show  
that we are. But if we cannot  
go to fight, what can we do?  
We can give aid and comfort to  
our soldiers, who do go, by pro-  
viding hospital nurses and com-  
forts for them while they are  
fighting, and by letting them  
know that we are with them  
in the spirit, if not in person.  
The best way we can do this is  
by subscribing to the Red Cross  
organization, which is furnishing  
all these comforts for them. I  
am sure that every citizen of  
Crittenden County will be glad  
to put his name down as a mem-  
ber of this organization and to  
help in the great work that it is  
doing for our soldiers. There is  
not a family in this country that  
cannot help in this work if their  
heart is really for America.  
But some one says they would  
give if they were sure there was  
no graft in it. They cannot  
understand how men and women  
will give their time and labor for  
such work without pay; but since  
Christ gave his life for the world  
there have been men and women  
willing to give their time and  
efforts for the help of their  
fellow men and for the prin-  
ciples He taught. And let us  
all put ourselves in that class in  
this fight. J. W. Blue, Jr.

### Farmers' Week.

During Farmers' Week at the  
Agricultural College at Lexington,  
n, January 29-February 1, the  
Kentucky Alfalfa Growers' As-  
sociation will have a competitive  
show.

The entries will be three inch,  
(diameter,) bundles of alfalfa  
sown last summer; five inch  
bundles of alfalfa sown prior to  
August 1, 1917; and also a class  
for the best bale of alfalfa.  
Handsome prizes are offered to  
the winners.

An effort is being made to  
have a demonstration of alfalfa  
products prepared for human  
food. This was one of the most  
interesting features of the week  
last year. Everyone is welcome.

### Not a Thief.

Man who broke into the house while  
the owner was away and took nothing  
but a shave could scarcely be called  
a thief, because he went out with less  
than he came in with.

JOHN WHITE & CO.  
LOUISVILLE, KY.

Liberal assortment  
and full value paid  
for raw FURS  
Hides and  
Goat Skins

### Never Satisfied.

The captain of the ship Hardtack  
was on one occasion greatly exasper-  
ated by the complaints of the men in  
the fore-castle of the quality of the  
meat supplied to them. "Shure, an  
I won't deny that it stinks," he said,  
as one of the malcontents brought a  
particularly offensive morsel for his in-  
spection. "But you boys are always  
grumbling and, be-had, if you got baked  
angel for dinner you'd growl about  
the stuffin'."

## G. D. Paris

Notary Public at  
I. C. R. R. Station.

### Card of Thanks

We extend our heartfelt thanks to  
the friends, relations and physicians,  
who so tenderly aided in nursing Luth-  
er in his last illness, and were so faith-  
ful and kind to us in our sorrow.  
May God's richest blessings rest  
upon all of you.  
Mrs. Ida Morse and Children.

### FOR SALE.

524 acres mineral land in Crit-  
tenden County. Vein survey of  
469 yards. Address Robt. L.  
Roberts, Waverly, Ky.  
12-20-4tp.

### Letter From Arizona

Tempe, Ariz.

Dec. 22, 1917

Mr. S. M. Jenkins,

Marion, Ky.

Dear Friend:—

I enclose check to  
keep the Record-Press coming.  
We are always glad to get it,  
though it sometimes brings sad  
news of the death of some friend.

I note in the last week's paper  
the report of the snow storm  
and cold weather you were  
having then. About that time  
I was picking peaches from the  
tree to can. The weather has  
been very fine since the first of  
September. Just bright sun-  
shine day after day. About the  
2nd of October it got cool  
enough to frost a little and has  
been nearly the same tempera-  
ture since, cold enough for ice  
some mornings.

I had string beans and roast-  
ing ears the 10th of this month  
from my garden, but I can't  
drag about beans in the summer  
time for it is too hot for them.

Farmers are very prosperous  
here as everything they grow is  
so high. Cotton has got to be a  
great money making crop. It has  
sold for a little above 80 cents a  
pound but it is down a little now,  
about 75 cents I think. One  
man told me he sold a car load  
of cotton (53 bales) for over  
\$19,000.00. Hay is selling above  
\$30.00 a ton, and that is pretty  
good when an acre will make 5  
or 6 tons.

The people here are alive to  
helping the Red Cross and other  
organizations connected with  
the war. Tempe and vicinity  
gave about \$3,000.00 to the Red  
Cross the first drive that was  
made, then they gave liberally  
to the Y. M. C. A. I don't  
remember the amount. The  
Normal students gave about  
\$1,000.00 to different objects.  
And last Saturday night there  
was a meeting to raise money  
for the Y. M. C. A. and \$700.00  
was made up in a few minutes  
from a crowd about like your  
School Auditorium would hold.  
The women are sewing for the  
Red Cross, also knitting sweaters  
and socks.

How does Marion compare  
with this? Wishing you and  
the "Record-Press" a merry  
Christmas and a happy New  
Year, I am your friend

A. F. Woolf

### OUR LAND IS POSTED

No hunting allowed:

J. M. Walker

O. D. Spence

S. M. Jenkins

## 1st., BAPTIST CHURCH.

The pastor will speak on A New Year's Theme Sunday  
Morning. Every one is invited to begin the year 1918 by  
worshiping with us the 1st., Sunday.



## Old Year's Party

By Margaret Hope

It was New Year's eve and a thin old man with a wrinkled face was sitting by the fireplace. At first sight you would have said that he was rather a disagreeable old chap, but on closer inspection you found out that he had very bright eyes and quite a pleasant smile round his mouth.

It was surprising that Old Year was feeling rather sad, for it was his last night on the dear old Earth. The next morning, long before it was day light, he must fly away in a big snowstorm, and New Year, all fresh and rosy and splendid, would take his place.

Old Year wasn't the least afraid of what the future might bring, only he felt a little sad about saying "good-by" to his friends, and a tiny bit jealous about New Year's arrival.

As he sat there musing a pretty little snow flower dropped on the floor at his feet. "You beautiful thing!" he cried. "Where did you come from?"

As he spoke the flower expanded, throwing its petals all over the floor, and a little man stepped out. He was white from head to foot.

"Bless me!" if you aren't Brother January!" said the old man. "What brings you to visit me? It's only the thirty-first of December."

"But I'm last January," said the little fellow. "Old Year laughed. 'Of course you are. You came in my waistcoat pocket and popped out before the others—they were afraid of the cold.'"

"Oh! glad you haven't quite forgotten me. Now listen, Old Year, we months have a great scheme for to-night. We're going to feast you in the Ice Palace on Time Mountain. We shall all be there, the whole lot of us, and you must come, too."

"You're very kind," said Old Year. "But really I'm so tired I'd rather sit here and dream away my last hours."

"Now, don't talk like that, Old Year, the party can't take place if you don't come. How can we months hold together without you?"

Old Year stalled. "All right," he said. "I'll come, but all my clothes are worn out."

"Another excuse," cried January. "Come along, they're all waiting. Besides, there's a surprise outside."

Old Year started at the word "surprise," and then he strode out of the house with January on his shoulders.

Now although he had lived every minute of the year there was one thing that Old Year had never done—he had never flown in an airplane. So imagine his astonishment when he saw a great white airplane covered with silver frost outside his door. A gay, breezy little fellow, whom he recognized as March, sat in the pilot's seat. He wore silver goggles and looked every inch an aviator.

Old Year and January got in behind the pilot, and soon the great silver bird was soaring up into the cold, starry night.

They passed over cities and villages, lakes and forests, and everywhere Old Year noticed preparations for the coming of his successor.

"They'd be surprised if they knew where I was, now," he thought. And then he gave up his spirit to the joy of the flight.

Finally Time Mountain came in sight, and as they approached they saw a dazzling sight. The whole mountain was blazing with light, and the trees shone as their boughs radiated electricity.

When the airplane came into view a great cry of joy was heard, and a chorus of happy voices cried: "Hurrah! for Old Year!" March executed a wonderful volplane and softly the Silver Bird settled to earth at the foot of the mountain. Thousands of little people rushed to greet the Old Year. These were the Minutes and the Seconds. They were dressed in red, sparkling with electricity, and they talked very fast.

Old Year patted them kindly with his big hands. They flew round him very quickly, and in some magic way Old Year was carried to the top of the mountain. There he saw a wonderful ice palace and over the door were written in huge letters "In Honor of Old Year."

Accompanied by the Minutes and seconds Old Year entered the palace and in the great bright hall he saw 12 of his dearest friends, the Months. Very beautiful they looked in arctic gowns about the hall.

January, February and March were sitting together in a ministerial way in the middle of the hall.

April, in a dress of blue and white, with yellow spots in her hair, and she wore shoes and stockings of a blood red color. May was lovely; she looked like daisies on a moss bank, and tiny streams trickled off her dress. June was a glorious mass of roses and green leaves. She fluttered with pleasure as Old Year approached her, and threw a rose at him crying: "In memory of the happy evening when you bade me farewell."

July was rosy and red, and Old Year felt warm all through when he got near to her. "Beautiful summer month," he murmured, "is this the last time I'll feel you?" As he said this May let one of her little streams trickle down—she was crying for the Old Year.

August wore a sailor costume and smelled of blue grass. September and October were a mass of colors. It wasn't very long since Old Year had visited them, so they were quite familiar with him. October tossed some of her pretty leaves into his face. This was her way of kissing.

November looked hale and hearty, and December, in snowy robe, carried a Christmas tree over his shoulder. After exchanging kindly greetings with the whole company, Old Year stepped up to June and asked her to open the ball with him. For reply she strewn him with her petals, and then such a dance began as never was seen before. The Minutes flew in by the windows, and the Seconds jumped out of the cracks in the ice floor. Everyone was giddy with joy and excitement, and Old Year, who a few hours before was meditating by the fire, now danced till even lively June began to weary. Then he took sweet April in his arms and the little red feet and legs positively twinkled round the hall. March executed a wild dance with October, and blew so hard that bits of his partner's dress were strewn over the floor.

At half past eleven some of the Minutes screamed out that supper was served, and Old Year and his friends flew to take their last meal together. Every imaginable dainty was on the table and the dancing had made the revelers hungry.

The Minutes and Seconds ate like lightning, and then one after another, they fell asleep round the table. They would never wake again, but their short lives had been very happy. Then the Months began to get sleepy, and Old Year too. He sank into a big chair and tired June fell into his arms and slept cozily in their embrace. At last December and Old Year were the only ones awake. Then the clock struck midnight, and they closed their eyes and slept, too.

At this moment some beautiful snowflakes flew in through the windows. They formed themselves into a kind of blanket and wrapped Old Year tenderly in its folds. Just as they were going to cover up his face a pale blue spirit floated over him and kissed his sleeping brow. It was the Spirit of New Year kissing the Spirit of Old Year.

More Time to Work. One good New Year's resolution is to complain less and work more.

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"They'd be surprised if they knew where I was, now," he thought. And then he gave up his spirit to the joy of the flight.

Finally Time Mountain came in sight, and as they approached they saw a dazzling sight. The whole mountain was blazing with light, and the trees shone as their boughs radiated electricity.

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Old Year patted them kindly with his big hands. They flew round him very quickly, and in some magic way Old Year was carried to the top of the mountain. There he saw a wonderful ice palace and over the door were written in huge letters "In Honor of Old Year."

Accompanied by the Minutes and seconds Old Year entered the palace and in the great bright hall he saw 12 of his dearest friends, the Months. Very beautiful they looked in arctic gowns about the hall.

January, February and March were sitting together in a ministerial way in the middle of the hall.

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## THIS IS THE YEAR

RAISE your hat to the Glad New Year! Raise your voice with a hopeful cheer! Make a vow that while it stays You'll make the most of its glorious days,

And—What? That sort of resolve is old? Sounds like a tale too often told? You've made it every New Year's day, Then frittered the five-long year away?

Well, posing you have? What's that to do With this particular year? It's new! New, you grouch, not the same old kind Of muddled up year you've left behind! New each day and each minute too! New; each second is fresh-laid, new!

New for the things you've left undone! New for the races you haven't run! New for ambitions unachieved! New for mistakes unretrieved! New for unfinished efforts too! New for the things you mean to do!

Never one day in its bill of fare Is like another day anywhere. And if a year can be fresh and new Why in the dickens can't you be too?

You can! So wash from your care-stained face Of memory's dirt the last small trace. Put on Ambition's garments bright, Light your cigar with the Future's light And say to yourself: "The old year's dead. Bury it deep! Look right ahead! Here's a New Year laid out for me, As full of chances as it can be, So out of my way and let me go! It's up to me, and by jings! I'll show!"

Then start! And keep at it! Hang on! Stick! You'll notice the difference mighty quick, And you'll find, before it's half-way through, It's the Happiest kind of a year for you!

—Paul West.

## New Year's Resolutions

By KIN HUBBARD



"So We Start Off th' New Year With Lofty Resolutions. We'll Quit Drinkin', or Chewin' or Smokin' or Swearin'. Maybe Our New Resolutions 'll Include All of 'em."

No sooner is th' spirit o' Christmas givin' exhausted till we're seized with th' spirit o' retrenchin' an' after a season o' spendin', with th' New Year jest around th' corner we unconsciously fall int' a retrospective mood an' take a personal invoice an' solemnly resolve t' make a better showin' both morally an' financially at th' close o' th' comin' year. So we start off th' New Year with lofty resolutions. We'll quit drinkin' or chewin' or smokin' or swearin'. Maybe our new resolution 'll include all of 'em.

But we never seem t' think o' th' many other things we might eliminate from our program for th' comin' year that would not only better our chances in th' hereafter but which would make th' path o' life far pleasanter for those who by force o' circumstances are compelled t' tolerate us.

So let those o' us who are perfect, aside from smokin', drinkin', chewin' an' swearin', dig around a little an' see if we can't find a few things besides th' ole moss covered habits aforementioned that we could cut out with profit t' ourselves an' those we mingle with.

Next t' thinkin' only o' ourselves th' worst habit is tryin' t' save ever'thing we make. I don't know which feller a community has th' least regard fer—th' one who licks up ever' penny he gets his hands on, or th' feller who holds on t' ever' cent that comes his way, but I have my suspicions.

Livin' beyond th' outskirts o' our incomes is another habit that is worse than either smokin' or swearin' an' a habit that is doin' much t' create a widespread distrust in society. Robbin' Peter th' grocer, t' pay Paul, th' auto dealer, kin have but one result.

We never hear o' our women folk makin' any New Year's resolutions. Ther's many things they might resolve t' do besides cuttin' out eggs. Ther resolutions might have a blightin' effect on clubs an' billiard rooms an' other refuges fer th' hen-pecked an' homeless, but they would help t' revive that feelin' o' love an' respect fer women that seems t' be goin' out o' style these days.

Good resolutions accompanied by a great flare o' trumpets last about as long as an ice cream cone in a Turkish bath. Th' feller who boasts that he's goin' t' quit smokin' never throws his pipe very fer, an' th' feller who proclaims from a store box that he's thro' with th' demon rum is about as reliable as th' statesman who says he's thro' with th' Republican party.

Let's do somethin' original this year an' gather up a whole lot o' nasty little characteristics an' try t' do away with 'em fer good. We've all got 'em. If you can't find 'em ask somebody who knows you t' point 'em out. They're there.

Ther's lots o' folks who don't chew or smoke or swear or drink who mean t'.

## Many Historic Events Have Happened on New Year's Day

By RENE BACH

EVENTS of utmost historic importance, many of them tragic in character, are associated with New Year's day.

It was on the first day of January, 1492, that Juan Diaz de Solis, the explorer, coasting in a sailing vessel along the eastern shore of South America, discovered and entered the mouth of a mighty river. He called it (by reason of the date) the January river, or Rio de Janeiro, the name it bears and which is also borne by the city at its mouth, the capital of Brazil at the present time.

The tragedy, in this instance, came later. Three years afterward the same adventurous explorer again entered the river mouth. The natives were suspicious of his intentions, and when he landed they captured and killed him, and within sight of his ship roasted his body over a fire and ate it. This perished a man who, in his day, was reputed the ablest of living navigators.

Bartholomew Esteban Merillo, greatest of the Spanish painters, was born on the first day of January, 1618. The many paintings which he painted, of which the church of San Juan de los Rios, which was painted by his hand, is a masterpiece, were created by his art a considerable fortune. When at the height of his fame he was invited to Cadiz, and there executed his magnificent picture of St. Catherine, the mother of Jesus. Just as the work was in the point of completion he fell from a scaffold and was killed.

It seems rather odd that history should take the trouble to record the death, on January 1, 1639, of an important personage Thomas Hobson, a carrier of Cambridge, England. He made a business of hiring out horses.

Hobson was merciful to his beasts, and enforced a rule that required for each one of them a certain measure of rest. Those which had not had their proper time of rest he would not allow to go out. "This or mine," he would say, indicating the horse that was available for hire. Whence came the familiar term, "Hobson's choice, this or none."

On the first day of January, 1773, the town of Norfolk, Va., was burned not by the British, who were threatening the place, but by its American inhabitants. Lord Dunmore, the royal governor of the colony, having abandoned the town and sought safety on board of a ship (one of a number of vessels that were under his command in the harbor), found himself in distress for provisions.

The frigate Liverpool, on arriving, threatened to turn her guns loose upon Norfolk, because the people refused to furnish food supplies, but in response the inhabitants set fire to their houses and even wiped out the plantations for a long distance back from the water, in order that nothing in the way of subsistence might be obtainable by the enemy.

Exactly five years later, on January 1, 1781, an incident very alarming to the cause of the American colonists occurred at Morristown, N. J. It was nothing less than a revolt of troops of the Pennsylvania line, who had enlisted for three years' service. The term having expired, they demanded their discharge. The incipient rebellion was promptly suppressed, however.

On the first day of January, 1801, the astronomer Piazzi, at Palermo, discovered Ceres, the first of the minor planets, or so-called "asteroids," revealed by the telescope. It is less than 500 miles in diameter. Since then a great many of these baby sisters of the earth have been "spotted" by enterprising stargazers, though none of them is so big as Ceres. One of them, Eros, is twice as big as Ceres, revolving about each other. Up to date, 822 of these minor planets have been discovered.

## When New Year's Calls Were Made

Col. Terrelliger Bluegrass Locomotive.

Folks somehow aren't as sociable As in the good old days, When, ah, a certain grace an' charm

Distinguished social ways; For instance, sah, on New Year's Day, When chivalry arrayed

In feathers fine would pathah, sah, An' New Year's calls were made.

We greeted one another, ah, With smile an' cordly bow, An' round the brimming punch-bowl sah,

We gracefully mu'm'd "How!" And conversation sparkled, sah, With wassail's kindly old— But that was in the golden days When New Year's calls were made.

Pure nectar was that New Year's punch— How generously it flowed! The season's compliments were passed;

One's health, ah, fairly gloated. The recent generations, sah, Old customs have betwixt— But, ah, those golden days When New Year's calls were made.

—Paul T. Gilbert in "Cartoons Magazine."

The first day of January, 1810, was made memorable in East Haddam, Conn., by a happening that was in its way wholly extraordinary. There were in the town nine unmarried young women, and it had been decided that husbands must be found for them. Accordingly, in the spirit of an enlightened public enterprise, nine men agreed to marry them, and on the above-mentioned date all of them became wives, an elaborate ceremony and much rejoicing signalling the event.

On New Year's day, 1814, London experienced a most remarkable fog. The city was immersed in a sea of suspended moisture that extended for a distance of 50 miles beyond its outskirts. Business was at a standstill and many people lost their lives by falling into the Thames river and into canals.

Four years later, on the first of January, 1818, the White House (which had been burned by the British troops in August, 1814) was for the first time thrown open to the public after that tragic event, at a New Year's reception given by President Monroe. Even then, however, the building was still undergoing repairs, which were not completed for more than a twelve-month. It had newly received its first coat of white paint, to conceal the marks of fire that marked the brownish stone of which it was built. The cost of reconstruction was \$240,400.

On the first day of January, 1825, Great Britain recognized the independence of the South American republics.

Paul Revere, hero of the famous ride, was born January 1, 1735.

Mason and Slidell, the Confederate commissioners, left Fort Warren for England January 1, 1862.

President Lincoln issued his proclamation emancipating the slaves January 1, 1863.

These are only a few of the many notable events that have marked New Year's day in history. To give anything like a comprehensive list of them here could not be attempted. Some of the most important happenings of ancient times, in Rome, in Greece and elsewhere, are also associated with the first day of the year.

New Year Hint. Was it Confucius or Lao-Tse who said, "Good resolutions, like fainting women, should be carried out?"—Philadelphia Ledger.

## Here He Is, Right on Time







# New Year Greetings

## New Year Bells by Alfred Tenmyson

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light;  
The year is dying in the night.  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.  
Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow;  
The year is going, let him go;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

RING out the grief that saps the mind  
For those that here we see no more;  
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress for all mankind.  
Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
And ancient forms of party strife;  
Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

RING out the want, the care, the sin,  
The faithless coldness of the times;  
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
The civic slander and the spite;  
Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

RING out old shapes of foul disease,  
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold,  
Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;  
Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.



### A Double Anniversary by Susan Eddy

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McClure Newspaper  
Syndicate

"NOW, I wonder what that means?" said Ethan Crane. He had just come back with the weekly paper—and one letter from his tramp through the snow to the post office.

Old Mrs. Crane had brought in the lighted candles and piled an extra log on the fire.

Ethan wore open the envelope and read the inclosed card: "Miss Angela Hanna. At Home, January 1st."

"La!" said Mrs. Crane. "She wants you to call there."

"Get out," said Ethan, with a sudden access of sheepishness. "Why should I go there?"

"Well, why not?" asked Mrs. Crane. "It's what the city people do. I'm told they make a big cake and draw a pitcher of cider and set down in their best clothes to see company. Angy Hanna is dreadful enterprising; she means to lead in the fashions."

"Am I to call there?" asked Ethan. "Why, of course," said his mother. "What else does it mean? Miss Angela Hanna—at home."

"She's at home most days, ain't she?" said Ethan naively. "There was never anything of the kind about in Angela Hanna that I ever heard of."

"Oh, but this here's a new kink," exclaimed Mrs. Crane. "An extra-special day for calling—don't you see?"

"I'd calculated to take the oxen to Snidge Hill and grub stumps out of the clearing on New Year's day," said Ethan.

"The next day will do just as well for the stumps," said Mrs. Crane, encouragingly. "You might as well be out of the world as out of the fashion."

Deacon Perkins received one of Miss Hanna's cards and so did Squire Hart. In fact, there wasn't a widower or old bachelor or eligible swain in all Fairview who was omitted from her list.

"I ain't as young as I was," said Miss Hanna to herself. "It's high time I took steps to establish myself."

Miss Angela Hanna had just passed her five-and-fortieth birthday; she was stout and ruddy, with the very best set of teeth that the Fairview dentist could supply, and a perpetual smile riveted on her lips. She was very

tired of living alone and seeing no one to earn her pin money, and she had determined on this particular occasion, to make a bold stroke and win a husband.

She attired herself on New Year's day in a green satin dress, cut low in the neck and short in the sleeves, pinned a bunch of holly at the left side, and puffed her newly tinted hair in the most elaborate style.

"I do declare," said Miss Angela to herself, "I don't look a day over twenty."

Deacon Perkins was the first to arrive, an old bald-headed man, with a complexion of leather and the keenest of twinkling black eyes.

"I got a letter from you, Miss Hanna," said he. "I s'pose you want to consult me on business."

"La, deacon, what a very strange idea," giggled Miss Hanna. "No, in-



"How Came You Here?" screamed Miss Hanna.

deed! I only wish to promote sociability during the festive season."

"Well, then, I guess I'd better be goin'," said the deacon. "I ain't no time for no sich foolery."

"Don't be in a hurry, deacon," urged Miss Hanna. "I do wish to consult you."

"About what?" frowned the deacon, looking dubiously at the purple shoulders and arms of the lady.

"Marriage," said Miss Hanna. "Would you advise me, dear deacon, to commit my future into the hands of another?"

"Eh?" said the deacon. "Had an offer?"

"Yes," said Miss Hanna, driven by his directness into an absolute lie.

"Then, if I was you," said the deacon, "I'd accept it, 'cause it ain't likely you'll have many of 'em."

"But, deacon," she stammered, "what if I don't love the man? What if I love another who—"

"Then don't accept him," said the deacon; but, suddenly becoming electrically aware of his danger as Miss Hanna moved her chair a little closer to him, he added, "My horse is gettin' dreadful oneasy outside. I guess I'll be goin'. No, thankee"—as Miss Han-

### Benjamin Franklin's New Year's Resolutions

SO endeavor to speak the truth in every instance, to give nobody expectations that are not likely to be answered, but aim at superiority in every word and action; the most amiable excellence in a rational being.

SO apply myself industriously to whatever business I take in hand, and not divert my mind from my business by any foolish project of growing suddenly rich; for industry and patience are the surest means of plenty.

RESOLVE to speak ill of no man whatever, not even in a matter of truth; but rather by some means excuse the fault I have charged upon others, and upon proper occasions, speak all the good I know of everybody.

na took up the plate of cake—"I don't never eat nothin' except at regular meals. Good-mornin'!"

And thus the deacon escaped.

"Eh! What's that noise?" If it's the cat jumping at my canary, again—but it sounded more like someone laughing and cats don't laugh. Who's that comin' up the walk? Ethan Crane, I do declare! Well, he's a likely young fellow—not as rich as Squire Perkins, maybe, but—Oh, come in, Mr. Crane. Come in. I am so glad to see you. Lovely day, isn't it?"

Ethan Crane sat down with his back to his lap.

"I received your card, Miss Hanna."

"Oh, did you?" said Angela, with a smile.

"To tell the truth," said honest Ethan, "I wanted a little talk with you."

"Indeed!" said the lady. "Won't you come here and set by me on the sofa? It's more sociable like."

"Oh, yes, if you like," said Ethan, obeying her gesture of invitation.

"You see, my mother is getting feebler every day, and we feel the need of some younger person at the farm. And I'm twenty-eight now, and the place is in good order, and I've money at interest, so that I've pretty much made up my mind to marry."

Miss Angela let the puffed and frizzled head fall on his shoulder.

"Dearest Ethan!" she exclaimed.

"Yes—exactly," said Ethan Crane, moving as far away as the arm of the sofa would allow. "So, if you thought that your niece, Mirandy, would have me—"

"My niece, Mirandy?" gasped the elder lady, the immovable bloom never altering on her face, although her eyes, ex- heart-beat wildly and her lips short-blanced.

"Yes," said Ethan. "I hoped to meet her here today."

"No!" said Miss Angela sharply. "She's gone away; and if she hadn't, she wouldn't accept you."

"Is she engaged to someone else?" stammered poor Ethan.

"Yes," said Miss Hanna. "To Joshua Simpkins. But, Ethan, do not grieve; I am ready to entertain your suit, although Mirandy despises you, and—"

"But she doesn't, amity!" interrupted a clear, distinct voice, and Mirandy herself entered from an adjoining room. "On the contrary, she loves Ethan Crane dearly, and she refused Joshua Simpkins, as you know very well."

"How came you here?" screamed Miss Hanna.

"I went to Mrs. Brown's house," said Mirandy, "and she had gone to spend the holidays with her niece at Stamford. So I came back home."

"You are a dreadful minx!" cried Miss Hanna, nearly suffocated with anger.

"Gently!" said Ethan Crane, interposing in Mirandy's defense. "No calling of names, please."

"And you shan't stay in my house another day!" added the indignant lady.

"Then she shall come to mine!" boldly asserted Ethan. "Come, Mirandy, darling—my sleigh is at the door and it holds exactly two. We'll go to Parson Squire's and get married this very hour."

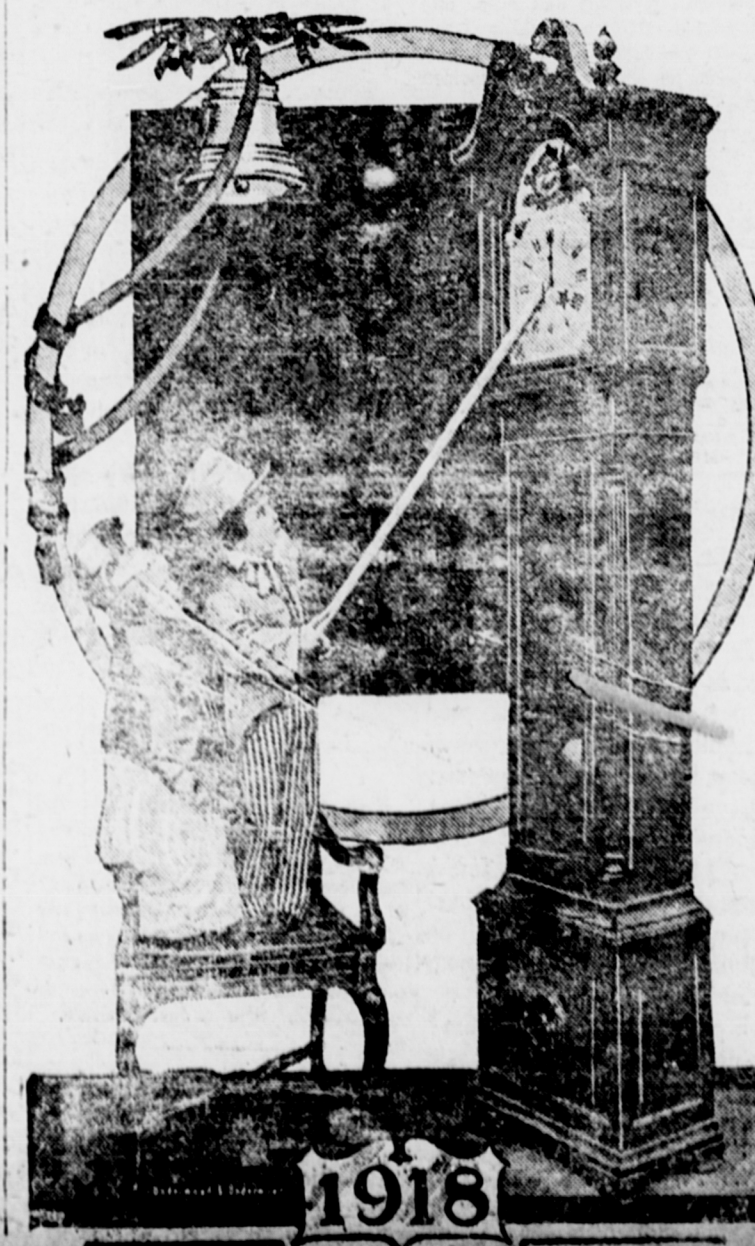
So they were married, and old Mrs. Crane, who was waiting at the farmhouse door to receive her son, was delighted.

"If it hadn't been me," said Mirandy, mischievously, "it would have been Aunt Angela, for she was determined to marry Ethan."

"The Lord forbid!" said Mrs. Crane, raising her eyes.

"And after this," said Ethan, as he led his bride in, "the first day of the year will be a double anniversary—the happiest of Happy New Years. Eh, Mirandy?"

It is time to be drawing up plans and specifications for the coming year.



1918



# ATTIADEN RECORD-PRESS Marion, Ky., Jan. 3 1918

S. M. JENKINS,  
Editor and Publisher

Entered as second-class matter Feb-  
ruary 28, 1872, at the postoffice at  
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## Advertising Rates.

One per inch S. C. Foreign Advertising  
65 per inch S. C. Home Advertising  
Repeated ads one-half rate.

Metal bases for Plates and Electro  
Locals or Readers

Sets per line in this size type.

10cts per line in this size type

15cts. a line this size type.

Obituaries 5c per line  
Cards of Thanks 5c per line  
Resolutions of respect 5c a line

Cash  
With  
Copy

## Winter Tourist Tickets

To the South, South-  
east and Southwest via  
ILLINOIS CENTRAL R.  
R. at greatly reduced  
fares.

Good returning up to  
and including June 1st,  
1918. Illinois Central is  
the most direct line to  
Memphis, New Orleans,  
and the South and South  
west and affords the  
most convenient sched-  
ules.

Call on ticket  
agents I. C. R. R. for  
tickets and further  
information or  
write.

G. W. Schelke,  
TPA,  
Evansville, Ind.

### FRANCES

A happy New Year to all.

Mrs. Joe Matthews was taken sud-  
denly ill Friday, and her sons, Robert  
and Paducah, and Lewis of Livermore,  
Ky., were called to her bedside.

Floyd Simpkins and family, visited  
his father John Simpkins and family,  
Sunday night.

There was a musical at Joe Clark's  
during Xmas which was well attended.

Tom Matthews visited friends and  
relatives, the week end.

Ray Sunderland, one of the soldier  
boys visited his father, Bill Sunder-  
land during Xmas.

### Report of Sunday School

#### Work in Western Kentucky

It gives me pleasure to make  
the 15th annual report to my  
many Sunday School Friends in  
Western Kentucky, among whom  
I have been working all these  
years. What good I have been  
permitted to do, has been made  
possible thru the grace and the Co-  
operation and fellowship of Sun-  
day School workers in all denom-  
inations. In religious and edu-  
cational work we must have the  
suppor and good-will of the peo-  
ple with and among whom we  
work. It is a real joy to me to  
have many thousand friends a-  
mong both young and old thru-  
out the state. It is for their wel-  
fare I have given my service dur-  
ing the past years and am able  
to make the following partial re-  
port of service for 1917.  
Attended 17 County Conven-  
tions.

Held 83 R lies with Stereop-  
ticon Address on the Book of St  
John's Gospel.

Conducted 42 preaching ser-  
vices.

Addressed 25 Workers meet-  
ings

Presented Go To Sunday  
School Day to 35 Communities.

Supplied nearly 2000 I. B. R. A.  
members with literature.

Was entertained in 140 Ken-  
tucky Homes.

Traveled 5540 miles and when  
home on a visit attended to all  
the clerical work in the office.

Many thanks to all the friends  
who have in any way contri-  
buted to my welfare and assisted in  
doing my "Bit" for my country  
and the Kingdom of God. While  
I am no longer employed by the  
Committee of the Kentucky Sun-  
day School Association, yet I am  
still in the work of religious edu-  
cation as a volunteer worker.

For the Sunday School work in  
western Kentucky is NOT fin-  
ished, so long as we have so  
many religious neglected rural  
and village communities and  
more than 75000 children out side  
of Sunday School. With a num-  
ber of leading workers as officers  
and members of an advisory  
Board we hope during 1918, to  
secure 5000 more Daily Bible  
Readers.

To Enroll 2000 more members  
in the Teen Age Purity League.

To Establish 500 more Family  
Altars.

To Organize 50 more District  
Sunday School Associations.

To help 10,000 boys and girls  
in the public Schools.

It is only as we all cultivate  
the spirit of Inter-denominational  
Fellowship and work on Com-  
munity Programs, that we can do  
our part well, to hasten the  
coming of the Kingdom of God.

Wishing all the boys and girls  
their parents and teachers a  
Blessed Happy New Year, I am  
Sincerely, their friend T. C.  
G. Baker.

They live here, and stand high  
in the estimation of every one.  
May the blessing of the  
loving Father abide with them  
is the wish and prayer of the  
long time friend.

A. J. Thompson

When you feel  
tired, worried or depressed  
take a few of these  
PILLS. They renew the normal vigor  
and make life worth living.  
Mott's Nerve Pills  
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

In America this is the golden  
age of farming, this being es-  
pecially true of Kentucky. Good  
crops and good prices prevail  
and prosperity is abroad in the  
land. For a number of years  
farming has been receiving more  
and more attention and now, in  
the face of the war we have  
realized better than ever before  
the importance of doing our very  
best on our farms.

It is the farmer's duty to him-  
self and to his country to do his  
best. In this connection, men-  
tion should be made of Farmers'  
Week, to be held at the Agricul-  
tural College at Lexington Jan-  
uary 29 to February 1. This  
will be a series of meetings of  
various farmers' and breeders'  
associations of Kentucky. In  
addition, the college will provide  
a most instructive set of demon-  
strations and lectures that will  
be of great help to farmers in  
their efforts to produce maximum  
crops next summer.

There will be competitive  
shows of alfalfa, corn, dairy pro-  
ducts and womens' work.

Everybody is welcome. Every-  
thing is free.

12-27-17.

Providence Ky.

Mr. S. M. Jenkins.

Dear old friend.

Enclosed you will please find  
check for \$150 to pay for your  
good paper, for 1918. We could  
do without anything better than  
the Press, I have been taking  
it so long it seems like one of the  
family. With best wishes to  
you and your nice family, I am  
as ever yours.

Geo. H. Thomas.

### MONEY IN EGGS.

Eggs are not bankable but the  
money from their sale is. This money  
is yours for the effect. How do you  
treat the hen that lays the Golden Egg?  
B. A. Thomas' Poultry Remedy will  
keep the poultry in good condition and  
increase the yield in eggs. We guar-  
antee this and refund your money if  
not satisfied. Sold by Jas. H. Orme.

December 20th, 1917

To All Editors:-

The County Road Engineer's  
Convention will be held at New-

port, Kentucky February, 13th,  
14th, and 15th, 1918.

A very attractive program is  
being prepared and arrange-  
ments are being made to have  
several men from other States  
address the Convention.

It is hoped that every County  
Road Engineer, County Judge  
and the members of all Fiscal  
Courts in the State will attend  
the meeting. Quite a number of  
the Courts will be entirely new  
and we believe they will receive  
great benefits by hearing road  
matters discussed in detail.

It is highly probable the rail-  
roads will give special rates to  
the Convention.

Very truly,

R. Wiley

Commissioner of Public Roads.

For Sprains, Lameness,  
Sores, Cuts, Rheumatism  
Penetrate and Heals.  
Stops Pain At Once  
For Man and Beast  
25c. 50c. \$1. At All Dealers.

## WILSON TAKES OVER NATION'S RAILROADS

Workers to Ask That no Step be  
Taken Which Will Set  
Aside Safeguards.

Dec. 25th, 1917.

Mr. S. M. Jenkins,

Marion, Ky.

Dear Sir:-

The attached check covers  
statement rendered for the re-  
newal of my subscription to the  
Record-Press for the year 1918.  
It is impossible for me to get a-  
long in Oklahoma without the  
dear old Record-Press that brings  
me the news from my old Ken-  
tucky home. All though I am  
connected with one of the lead-  
ing newspapers of this State, I  
have to lay them all aside and  
read the Press when it reaches  
me each week, wishing you a  
prosperous New Year, I am,  
Yours Very Truly,

John S. Freeman.

814 Osage Ave.

Bartlesville, Okla.

### GOOD BACKS FOR BAD

Marion Residents Are Learning How  
To Exchange The Old Back  
For a Stronger One

Does your back ache, feel weak and  
painful?

Do you suffer headaches, languor  
and depression?

Is the urine discolored, passages ir-  
regular?

The kidneys may be calling for help.  
Weak kidneys cannot do their work.  
Give them the help they need.

To cure kidney backache you must  
cure the kidneys.

Use a tested and proven kidney  
remedy.

Doan's Kidney Pills have stood the  
test.

Convincing proof merit in the fol-  
lowing endorsement:

W. H. Burton, M. D., 202 Green St.,  
Clay, Ky., says: "My kidneys were  
weak and the least cold I took settled  
on them. There was a dull ache and  
soreness across the small of my back  
and my kidneys acted irregularly.  
Doan's Kidney Pills soon strengthened  
my back and regulated my kidneys."

Price 60 cents at all dealers. Don't  
simply ask for a kidney remedy—get  
Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that  
Mr. Burton had. Foster-Milburn Co.,  
Mfgs., Buffalo, N. Y.

Hopkinsville, Ky.

### Tobacco-Market.

Week ending Dec. 27, 1917.

LOOSE FLOORS.

Sales for week.....199,850 pounds  
Sales for season.....946,625 ..  
Sales this date, '18.....430,450 ..  
Average for this week.....\$13.46  
Average for this season.....\$13.27

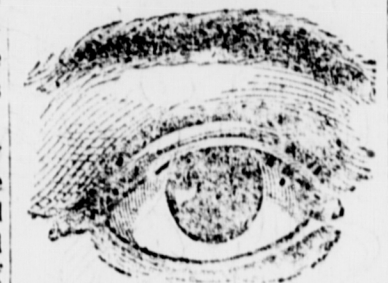
QUOTATIONS.

Trash.....\$10.50 to \$11.50  
Common Lugs.....11.50 to 12.00  
Medium Lugs.....12.00 to 12.50  
Good Lugs.....12.50 to 13.00  
Fine Lugs.....13.00 to 13.50  
Low Leaf.....13.00 to 13.50  
Common Leaf.....13.50 to 14.00  
Medium Leaf.....14.00 to 14.50  
Good Leaf.....14.50 to 15.00  
Fine Leaf.....15.00 to 15.50

L. B. CORNETTE,

President Tobacco Board of Trade.

## Dr. Gilchrist



Instruments for examining con-  
ditions inside as well as outside  
of the eye. Glasses scientific-  
ally fitted. Prices reasonable.

Office: Paris Bldg. Marion, Ky.  
Below Farmers Bank.

### GREETINGS.

As good will, pat-  
ronage and friendship have help-  
ed to make this a restful and  
happy holiday season for us, we  
extend our cordial appreciation  
and our heartiest good wishes  
for a very happy New Year.

We would share with you the  
blessedness of the spirit of free-  
dom now in the air of the uni-  
versal which bring to us an en-  
larged sense of gratitude for the  
loyalty of our friends and of  
pride for "our boys" wherever  
they may be serving the Stars  
and Stripes. May this spirit  
keep alive in all of us an unflin-  
tering faith in the ultimate tri-  
umph of the right and with the  
pealing out of the New Year  
anthems, may they lend tidings of  
a peace to return to the earth in  
the near future and good will to  
all mankind and with the dawn  
of the New Year, our best wish  
goes out to each of you and  
yours for peace and happiness.  
May the confidence and business  
we have shared in the many  
years past, continue uninterrupted  
during the coming year.

### PILES! PILES! PILES!

WILLIAMS' PILE OINTMENT.  
For Blind, Bleeding and Itching Piles.  
For sale by all druggists, mail 50c and \$1.00  
WILLIAMS MFG. CO., Prop., Cleveland, Ohio

### Letter From Texas.

Palytadmir, Tex., Dec. 16th, 1917.  
Mr. Editor:

It has been a long time since I have  
heard from the Record-Press, direct,  
and if you will allow me a little space  
in your valuable paper, I will write  
and tell you of some of the interesting  
facts of things in Ft. Worth, Texas.

Paly—as we call it—is a suburb of  
Ft. Worth, located on the hill east of  
Ft. Worth and overlooking the city and  
near the interurban line that runs from  
Ft. Worth to Dallas, Texas.

My mother was visiting us some  
time ago and they are readers of the  
dear old Record-Press, and I was a kid  
her what had become of all the  
boys and girls, men and women I used  
to know when I went to the Marion  
graded school.

In my imagination I can see my old  
friends of Marion as they go about  
their business of the day. I would like  
to come back to Marion some day and  
shake hands of Messrs. Jenkins, Tom  
Yandell, J. H. Orme, J. D. Asher and  
others, but I can't get that far from  
Texas, looks like, for I am only allowed  
ten days a year vacation time and I  
don't feel that that would be time  
enough to make the trip and have any  
time to spend there, so I will stay in  
Texas.

I saw a letter the other day from a  
lady in New Mexico, and she was tel-  
ling about an army camp, there, and  
they had about 350 head of horses.  
Now if you will only come to Ft.  
Worth for an hour's stay, I can show  
you some army camps. Camp Bowie  
has 27,000 soldiers located here besides  
three aviation camps and several thou-  
sand aviators at each camp; aeroplanes  
are no object here on bright sunny  
days for you can see them a dozen at  
a time.

I expect you would like to know  
what I have been doing since I came  
to Texas. I was in the employe of the  
Adams Express Co., as money clerk,  
for over three years and am now in  
the oil business; am shipping clerk for  
the Magnolia Petroleum Co., of this  
city and like the work fine.

I would be glad to see any of my  
friends from Marion, and if you are  
in Ft. Worth any time, call at the of-  
fice for me.

I expect I had better close for this  
time, wishing you a merry Christmas  
and a happy New Year, I remain,  
Yours very truly,  
J. D. NEWCOON.

postoffice box 222

The Quinine That Does Not Affect the Head  
Because of its tonic and laxative effect, LAXA-  
TIVE BROMO QUININE is better than ordinary  
Quinine and does not cause nervousness or  
ringing in head. Remember the full name and  
look for the signature of H. W. GROVE, INC.



PERSONALS

L. Harpending, Notary Public  
Miss Margie Burklow spent the holidays with friends at Mexico, Ky.  
Mrs. G. P. Roberts and her two daughters, left Tuesday for Hot Springs, Ark.  
Miss Blanche Bryant, of Evansville, Ind., spent the holidays with friends and relatives.  
Henry Tinsley has returned from Kuttawa, Paducah, and St. Louis.  
John Wes Belt has returned from Mo., where he went to visit his sister Mrs. W. T. Lynn.  
Mrs. Mary Wyatt en route from her Livingston Co. plantation to Princeton, was here Friday.  
Sylvan S. Price, of Tulsa, Okla., who was here for the holidays, has returned home in the west.  
Mrs. W. O. Shouse and children, of Sturgis, were guests of her father, E. L. Nunn, during the holidays.  
Albert Paris and wife, of Rosiclare, Ill., were guests of relatives here and in the county during the holidays.  
Mr. and Mrs. Crit Hopper, of Memphis, Tenn., arrived Christmas day to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Yandell.  
Mrs. Velda Bibb and little daughter of Detroit, Mich., are guests of her parents Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Travis.  
Mr. and Mrs. Harry Ramsge of Detroit, Mich., are guests of relatives here for a couple of weeks.  
V. Y. Moore of Madisonville, who came over to spend Christmas day returned home Wednesday following.  
Some bargains in Coats at Lottie Tinsley Terrys. Plush Broad Cloth at \$5.99 come early and get choice.  
Rev. H. R. Short joined his family at Louisville last week and spent Christmas there. He returned and occupied his pulpit Sunday.  
Earl and Douglas Clement, of Savannah, Ga., arrived in the city last week to spend the holidays with their parents, Dr. and Mrs. I. H. Clement.  
Lee Morse and Lawrence Mayes are among the soldiers who were home from Camp Zachary Taylor last week on a furlough.  
Sylvan Stewart Price of Tulsa, Oklahoma, who visited his parents and relatives here during the holidays returned home last week.  
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stinson and Miss Mary Stinson of Washington avenue are leaving Friday for Camp Shelby, Hattiesburg, Miss., to spend New Year's day with Sergeant Curtis Stinson. — Evansville Courier.  
Whenever You Need a General Tonic Take Grove's.  
The Old Standard Grove's Tasteless Chill Tonic is equally valuable as a General Tonic because it contains the well known tonic properties of QUININE and IRON. It acts on the Liver, Drives out Malaria, Enriches the Blood and Builds-up the Whole System. 60 cents  
Mrs. Clyde McConnell and children, of Nampa, Idaho, arrived last week to spend the holidays with relatives here and in the county. Mrs. McConnell is a daughter of the late Dave Allen and has many relatives in this section.  
Rev. Wm. P. Lockwood will be at Crayne next Sunday at his regular appointment and preach at the regular hour. He earnestly solicits every member of the church to be present. The public are cordially invited.

D. H. King of the Sullivan vicinity was here Monday before Christmas doing some trading.  
Mrs. H. R. Short and children left last week to visit her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. L. Boyer in Louisville, during the holidays.  
Mr. and Mrs. Coleman Foster and little daughter of Mulikan, were the guests of E. L. Nunn and family for the holidays.  
Harlen Peek and wife of Dy-cusburg who were here to spend the holidays with relatives have returned home.  
Claude Croft of Granville, Iowa arrived last week to visit his parents at Blackford and his brother Weems Croft at Mexico.  
The party who by mistake took the heavy woolen lap robe from R. F. Wheeler's store last week will please return it at once and save publicity.  
F. M. Davidson  
J. N. Dean and wife, Walter McConnell and Rev. W. T. Oakley drove to Sugar Grove to attend the funeral and burial of Luther Morse.  
Misses Anna Stenbridge, Bertie Travis, Myrtle Walker, Dorothy and Stella Dean attended the funeral and burial of Luther Morse at Sugar Grove Friday.  
Hebert Moore of Norman, Okla., and Neville Moore of the Kentucky State College at Lexington, were among the visitors here Christmas week.  
Roy Conyer, Hert Yates, and James and John Byford were among the soldier boys who came home Christmas on a furlough.  
Lieutenant Edward Davenport of Hampton who had been stationed at Indianapolis has been promoted to a captaincy and transferred to Camp Zachary Taylor.  
A lot of nice house hold Furniture on sale, Beds, Springs, Chairs, Tables, Carpets, Dresser Wash Stand, and Cook Stoves. All at a bargain, at Lottie Tinsley Terrys, also 12 Druggets.  
E. L. Nunn and his daughter Miss Ina moved to this city last week and are now settled to housekeeping in the Dr. F. W. Nunn place which he purchased.  
Rev. H. V. Escott and wife who spent the holidays in Louisville with relatives are expected home this week and he will fill his pulpit at the 1st Presbyterian church next Sunday.  
Mrs. Rufus Clark and little daughter of Springfield, Mo., who arrived last week to visit her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Thos. Conyer left Sunday for their home.  
Mrs. Chas. Burget and two daughters of Marion, Ky., are here attending the bedside of their husband and father who is very low with paralysis and not expected to recover.  
Rosiclare Sentinel  
Mrs. J. M. Cooper of Berkeley, California passed through the city Monday enroute to Tulsa to visit her sister Mrs. Kit Saepard and Mr. Shepard, while here she was the guest of her niece Mrs. Louis Clifton and Mr. Clifton on Salem street.  
Misses Myrtle Glass and Mildred Summerville, and Mr. Neville Moore were among the Marion students who returned from the State college at Lexington to spend the Christmas and New Year holidays.  
Miss Fannie Woods arrived from Nashville, Tenn., last week to spend the holiday with her parents Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Woods. After New Years she returns to work as a trained nurse, her sister Miss Bessie will accompany her and engage in the same occupation.  
Piles Cured in 6 to 14 Days  
Our druggist will refund money if PAIN OINTMENT fails to cure any case of itching, smarting, bleeding or protruding Piles in 14 days. The first application gives relief and rest. 50c

**Hughes Chill Tonic**  
Palatable  
Better than Calomel and Quinine Contains no arsenic  
The Old Reliable  
Excellent General Tonic  
As well as a remedy for chills and fevers, malarial fevers, swamp fevers and bilious fevers. Just what you need at this season.  
Mild Laxative, Nervous Sedative, Splendid Tonic  
Try it. Don't take any substitute  
Druggists 50c and \$1.00 a bottle  
Prepared by  
**Robinson-Pettet Company,**  
Incorporated,  
Louisville, Ky.

John V. Hughes, son of Mr. and Mrs. L. L. Hughes, who volunteered in the U. S. Navy and has been in training at Great Lakes, Ill., has been transferred from there to Hawaiian Islands and left last week for San Francisco, from whence he will sail to his new assignment in the middle of the Pacific ocean  
Herbert Wood Whitney, of Big Spring, Ark., who had the Parlet fever during December, has partially recovered and is now recuperating rapidly as shown by letters received here by his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Dorr.  
T. A. Harman, section foreman for the last quarter of a century on the Repton division, left here last week with his son, Otto, who is in bad health, for Alamagordo, New Mexico, hoping to benefit the young man's health. They will join Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stanley.  
Pearl Sigler surprised Misses Ollie and Mabel, his two interesting and attractive daughters, by presenting them with a beautiful piano for a Christmas gift. Pearl usually does the right thing at the right time. The young ladies are quite proud of the gift.  
Rev. J. A. Chandler who was called here to preach the funeral of Charles Burget, arrived Saturday morning and returned that afternoon, as he had an appointment which necessitated his being in Louisville Sunday morning.  
Mrs. Marion Clark and son George of Sikeston, Mo., who were called here to attend the bedside of her father, Chas. Burgett who died at Rosiclare, Dec. 20th, returned home Saturday.  
R. Allen Foster of Peekskill, on the Hudson Military Academy, was here this week to answer his call to colors. He loses for the time a fine position and a splendid salary.  
Orville Lamb, Milton Walker, and Robt. Elkins were among those of our soldier boys who came home from Camp Zachary Taylor to spend the holidays.  
Miss Louise and brother John Young of New Bethel section of Lyon Co., are attendants at school here. They come each day rain or shine to Baker station on the I. C. R. R. which is two miles from their home and make the round trip to Marion by rail. Returning they reach home about dusk. Their home was the home of rebel "Bill Rice" their grand father and is a substantial brick of abundant proportions to entertain the Young family and is surrounded by many hundred acres of Freedom Valley land which is the best known.  
Chester Nimmo of St. Louis, Mo., visited his parents here last week.  
FOR SALE—217 acres land price \$6.50 per acre, one half cash. For terms address.  
Roy Davis, Salem, Ky.  
When we let new friends into our lives we become permanently enlarged and marvel that we could ever have lived in a smaller world. —George Eliot.  
The weather permitting, Rev. James F. Price will preach at Frances the second Sunday in January. This will be a meeting of interest to the entire community and all are solicited to attend, as it will be a National Service meeting.  
The Red Cross Drive was a great success. The membership was raised last week to over 1,200. Adding \$28 new members to the 448 old. The work was done by young ladies, who successfully canvassed the town. The new members not only consists of town people but people from all over the county, and we welcome them most cordially to our Marion chapter. The amount taken in during Xmas campaign was about \$800.00  
Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Stinson of Washington Ave., will entertain a family party at Christmas dinner today at noon, the party to include several of their out of town relatives, among whom will be Mr. and Mrs. Rufus Stinson and family of Carmi; Mr. and Mrs. Robert Stinson Jr. of Mt. Vernon, with Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Stinson, of South Second St., this city. Among the absent ones of the family will be Sergeant Curtis Stinson of Camp Shelby and Sergeant Lawrence Stinson of Ft. Riley.  
Evansville Courier  
A TEXAS WONDER.  
The Texas Wonder cures kidney and bladder troubles, dissolves gravel, cures diabetes, weak and lame back, rheumatism and irregularities of the kidneys and bladder in both men and women. Regulates bladder troubles in children. If not sold by your druggist, will sent by mail on receipt of \$1.00. One small bottle is two months' treatment, and seldom fails to perfect a cure. Send for sworn testimonials, Dr. E. W. Hall, 2926 Olive St., St. Louis, Mo. Sold by druggists. —Advertisement.  
Fine Business And Stock Of Goods For Sale  
Located at Mexico, Ky., near the I. C. Station P. O. in the store. Pigmy mine 1-2 mile, Half-law mine 1 mile and numerous other mines near.  
Stock consists of notions, shoes, drygoods, groceries, tin ware, hardware, glass and queensware and will invoice about \$2,000.00.  
Clyde McMaster.

**BLACKFORD**  
This the first of the year, 1918. Long live the approaching New Year. The year 1917 has brought joy and sorrow, triumph and failure to humanity. All preceding years, all years that are approaching, tell or will tell the same story of success and defeat. In childhood a year seems like an age, but as we advance in years twelve months sweeps by like a dream. While December is the last month of the year it is also the first month of winter. Weren't you ready for winter? How many thousand bushels of corn do you think are standing out in the fields unhusked at this late date? You would be surprised if you were told. There is more excuse than usual this year for farmers being delayed in their work through scarcity of labor. The boy on the farm is ever an interesting question. His position is far more desirable of late years than formerly. And now the question is: "How about the girls on the farm?" As a rule, on the farm is the place where you are more likely to find girls who do something "worthwhile" in the world instead of frittering away life in aimless social pursuits.  
Since the last items from this hamlet quite a number of events have transpired and among the most important are: During the recent cold snap a number of fowls and hogs froze to death amid all this and many other things that have never yet been told, Blackford still survives and comes to the front with a few items for publication.  
Dr. E. E. Newcom and family, of Mattoon, have recently moved to this burg. We welcome them in our midst and trust that the doctor may meet with flattering success in his chosen profession of "pill-driving."  
R. T. Reynolds has gone to Truman, Ark., intending, provided the climate, water and society agree with him, to remain until he decides to leave there and go to some other place.  
C. B. Anderson and family, of the nearby country, have moved to town to be more convenient to school.  
Our urbane townsman, J. A. Oakley, has had an addition put to his store house and is selling goods regardless of the cold weather and high prices.  
J. M. Dilbeck has sold his residence and town property to J. W. Bennett, of Weston, and the report is that Mr. Bennett intends to move to said property.  
If your item "jog-ger-up" does not freeze, ball-up or go crazy, we shall write again in the near future.  
—Observer.  
**Headache Stopped**  
Headaches are Nature's danger signals. Find out what is the trouble. Cure that and you won't have any more headaches. Most headaches come from indigestion. Bowels fail to act properly. Poisons accumulate in the body. The blood becomes impure, and headaches and more serious troubles naturally follow.  
H. S. Cope, a glass molder at Alton Park, Tenn., says that he suffered constantly from headaches, but that Vin Hepatica restored him to health so that he was able to go back to work.  
All such headaches are stopped by Vin Hepatica, the great Nature medicine and universal system purifier. It contains eight herbal remedies which tone up the bowels and kidneys, purify the blood and thus make that kind of headaches impossible.  
We surely recommend this wonderful remedy. Come in and get a bottle on our recommendation that it will help not only your headaches, but will regulate your bowels and kidneys so that you will find your health better than you have known it for years.  
Sold By  
**J. H. ORME**  
MARION, KY.  
Letter From Colorado.  
Nunn, Colo., Dec. 27, 1917.  
Dear Editor:  
In this great time of strife and anxiety of the nation. One can hardly find time to think of any thing except war, with all its necessary terrible things which prompted Mr. Sherman's famous words which so tensely expressed the ideas of whole nations. But naturally, it takes more than wars, and rumors of wars to obliterate the thoughts of home and home people. And old Crittenden is my home and her people is my people, no matter where I may be.  
We have rounded out the full cycle of seasons, and more, in this the "Golden West," and find ourselves fairly well pleased with the results. Be it known: That we do not consider this the "garden spot" of the world. However, it is a beautiful country and the climate, while severe at times, is conducive of robust health and appetites. We live on the plains, where the view is obstructed only by the horizon, and in the shadow of the Great Rockies whose hoary heads tower above us in guardian like attitude. We see the snow-capped some their great heights, each doing year from our door, they seem more than thirty minutes away, but in fact it is several miles to the base.  
The overwhelming invasion of automobiles and automobiles seem to rob them of a great deal of their wild and unconquerable aspects. But their rugged grandeur and beauties can never be wholly effaced by man nor time.  
Long Peak seen to the southwest from here, is 14,300 feet high.  
The Great Lincoln Highway which is truly a wonderful road, passes our door wending its way to the coast. An average of one hundred automobiles and motor trucks pass on this highway each twenty-four hours and during Frontier Days' at Cheyenne, thirty-four miles north of here, there passed, by actual count, fifty to sixty cars per hour for eighteen hours on three successive days, this being on a direct route from Cheyenne to Denver, 73 miles south of us.  
This is a great country for wheat and cattle. Some individuals raising 40,000 to 50,000 bushels of wheat while others own ranches covered with thousands of cattle, of course there are ranchers who range in both wheat and cattle from there down to the man who keeps ten cows and raises twenty acres of wheat. Beans are becoming quite a prominent crop in this short grass country, in fact, most any crop does well here except corn, which does not do well here, due to the absence of warm nights which is unknown because of the mountain air drifting down over the plains, and as soon as the sun is gone the warmth of the atmosphere is gone. The all important problem the rancher has to grapple with is labor, and more especially now that so many have been called to arms. There is a fixed scale of ten hours per day for all labor in this State, but no fixed scale of wages. Nor does the rancher say how much he will give for labor but asks how much will labor work for. Why? My boy and my brother's boys from thirteen to sixteen years old, received \$2.00 per day and for ordinary farm work and getting as much as \$4.00 per day in the harvest, and men's wages in proportion to these. I am now foreman on the T. A. Quarter circle cattle and wheat ranch, drawing almost double the pay such work brings in Kentucky besides having my saddle horses and automobiles furnished. I farmed last season, raising 21,000 pounds of beans, some corn, potatoes and millet. Of course I bought all feed, paying as high as \$1.30 per hundred pounds for corn chops and \$37.50 per ton for hay. The high price of feed and labor creates a demand for tractor farming. There were twenty-six tractor outfits unloaded in our little burg the past season, besides a great many in the neighborhood already. This land is easily cultivated. One man can handle, even with a team much more crop than he can there. They plow the land for wheat during the summer, sow fall seed any time from August to January, next year they drill seed in stubble without working ground at all, the next year they disc the stubble and drill and the next year they plow it again. Thus plowing only each third year. They often prepare and sow spring wheat on land and as soon as harvested drill fall seed in stubble getting two crops of wheat from same ground in sixteen months. After ripening wheat will easily stand under for six weeks without damaging, except for hail. This is called the short grass or dry land country. A few miles south of us begins the irrigated country, the north rim of the famous Greeley district, on the lands of which great quantities of potatoes, beets, cabbage and alfalfa are raised. As much as 400 bushels of potatoes per acre or three cuttings of alfalfa which totals seven or more tons per acre.  
From the irrigated districts are marketed many thousands of sheep which are raised and fed principally on beet tops and alfalfa. However, the amount of capital required for equipment and running expenses make the dry land farming the most profitable to the average man, especially the renter, as one can rent the best improved land for one third of all crops the landlord furnishing all seeds, or one fourth and the renter furnish seed. One can get all the raw or unimproved land he wants rent free.  
If this finds space in your columns I may write again, next time of the towns and town industries, meantime wishing the Record-Press and all its readers a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, I shall remain  
Yours  
M. A.  
**Marion Father R-lac**  
"Two of my sons are in the army, doing all I can to help my country as well as Mayr's Wonderful R-lac which I can thank for my health. I suffered 5 years with serious stomach trouble and bloating. Am recommending it to all suffer. It is a simple, harmless preparation that remove the catarrhal mucus the intestinal tract and allays inflammation which causes peptic stomach, liver and intestinal ailments including appendicitis. One can convince or money refunded."  
HAYNES & TAYLOR.

**L. F. WATERS**  
Veterinarian  
Office at Sisco's Livery Stable Phone 289  
Prepare now and immunize your herd against black-leg and hemorrhagic septicemia in cattle; White Scours in calves; Navel ill in colts; Cholera in hogs; Also see me about White diarrhea in young chicks; Bowel ailments and blackhead turkeys  
How to Know, Prevent and Cure Quickly





## A Hap Hazard New Year

by Douglas Malloch

(Copyright)

THE coming of New Year's Day naturally suggests the remarkable case of Hap Hazard. The mother of Hap Hazard, who was named Hap Hazard, had named him after a Bible name out of the ordinary, and her aim was certainly good. It was hard to spell, and hard to pronounce; and, pronounced properly, it sounded very much like a soda fountain clerk making a fizzle. But the boys shortened this unusual moniker to "Hap."

The Hap Hazards were married on New Year's Day. Hap, very happily suggesting that that would be a good way to start the New Year right.

As New Year's Day again approached, May's Aunt Ada, at whose house in Columbus the Hazards were married, thought it would be a fine idea to ask the young couple back home to spend their wedding anniversary. Hap and May delightedly accepted, and wrote that they would leave Hometown for Columbus on the 28th. It was now the 25th, and May decided it would be well to begin to pack, or at least to decide what she would wear and what she would take. It made her rather proud of her friendliness.

"And, Hap," she said, "you might go by the depot and get the tickets, and a couple of loaves and everything, so we shall be all ready to start tomorrow. That will be easy to do."

"Gee!" exclaimed Hap, his pipe falling from his mouth, "easy to do? Why, do you know I never thought about those gold-darned tickets?" He shoved both hands into his pockets. "How much do you suppose they will be?" he asked. "I don't believe I have enough."

"I know we spent a lot for tickets," Hap said. "May had \$3.11. May had \$6 she had out of her last week's money. There was \$1.80 in the little drawer of the kitchen cabinet, and \$1.12 in bills behind the picture of April Jones in the sitting room. That made \$22.91; and Hap knew he could draw a few dollars in advance down at the shop—

He found it was too late to get loaves, and they missed that train anyway, for the time had been changed, and the train now went through half an hour earlier—when it was on time. This time it was. He managed to get an upper on the slow train for May, but he had to sit up in the smoker seat.

Hap did not sleep very well. The train stopped and started and jerked and jolted. It must have been near midnight after an unusually heavy jolt, Hap distinctly overheard a fellow passenger say:

"Yep, it doesn't look much like we could get into Columbus before New Year's night."

"What's the matter?" he inquired, suddenly sitting up, "a wreck?"

"Nope," said the passenger, a fat man across the aisle Hap had observed as he fell off to slumber. "Nope,"

he said, "but it's a pretty bad one."

"What's the matter?" he inquired, suddenly sitting up, "a wreck?"

"Nope," said the passenger, a fat man across the aisle Hap had observed as he fell off to slumber. "Nope,"

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## The New Year Dreamer

A woman fell asleep, one New Year's eve, and dreamed a strange dream. And when she woke, she told a neighbor about it, in some such words as these:

"I thought I was in a strange country," she said, "which belonged to us all. There was no king. And I thought that in that country shoes were ready-made, not fashioned clumsily of leathers, as we fashion them now, and that the flax was all spun for us, and the flour all ground. I thought that the very cows were milked without our aid, and that we lived in cities with clean pavements between clean, bright houses, and that milk and meat and bread and eggs were brought to our doors, day after day. I thought that there was something called gas, that made our cooking clean and quick, and things called cars that carried us safely from place to place."

"And in my dream we were all taught, taught to read and even to write, as only the scribes do now, and that we read books, books about strange things and wonderful places—and saw pictures—the greatest in the world!—and that we could hear music whenever we chose. And there were wise doctors to keep us well, and to give us magic sleep in our pain."

"But best of all," she said, in a low tone still tinged with the radiance of her dream, "best of all, was that the children were safe. There were no nobles to seize our girls for their own pleasure, and to send our boys like cattle into the wars. No man could kill another, and even women were of value, and children were beloved. It seemed to me a world of peace, and sunshine and safety."

"You dreamed of heaven!" said the listener, her incredulous laughter changed to wistful awe. The other sighed and shook her head.

"No," she said sadly, "for in that country they were all mad!"

"Mad?" came the astonished echo. "Well, better our hardships than such a state. Better the village well that poisons our children and the tax that holds our men in bondage, and the pestilences that sweep us! Better the dark houses, and the smoking coal fires, the heats of summer and the freezing winters, better even the agony and terror of hearing, unhelped. But tell, how were they mad?"

"They do not see the sunshine, they do not hear the music, and they do not taste their freedom," said the dreamer. "Their thoughts are chained to little things—the stitches in a skirt, the chopped nuts that must go into a dish they cook, the shape of a chair. They long for things—who have nothing to do! They long for pleasure, who live in a world that might be heaven! They look at this one enviously, because she can come and go to another city at will and at that one enviously because her picture is printed in the books they read. They weep because they must buy flax spun on their side of the ocean rather than that which comes to them in ships, and they weep because the papers they have posted on the walls of their rooms are too green or too blue!"

"Mad—quite mad!" agreed the neighbor, struck. "Did they live long ago?"

"No, their time has not yet come," the dreaming woman answered. "They will not live for another thousand years. They will spring from us, who live and work and die without the touch of fine linen on our bodies, or the help of a single hand with the penning and reeling and spinning and bleaching the weaving and reeling. We are their mothers, who will never read a book or write a letter, or enter a playhouse. Let us make them a New Year's wish, that their eyes may be opened and that they may see!"

They knelt down together.—Kathleen Morris in Pictorial Review.

### Resolutions Each Day.

At each New Year tide it is common to make new resolutions, but in the true life of the individual each day is the beginning of a New Year if he will only make it so.—William George Jordan.



PHOTO BY ALSEP



PHOTO BY ALSEP

## The Fairies' Messages

By Mary Graham Bonner

(Copyright)



work for them to do.

"And what is it?" asked Princess Twilight-Bell.

"Yes, tell us what the work is to be," said the Fairy Princess Joy.

"Shall we play and make music?" asked Fairy Ybab.

"Dear me," said the Fairy Queen, "how can I ever answer so many questions at once?"

"The Fairies laughed and then waited for the Fairy Queen to tell them what she wanted them to do."

"When the New Year comes," said the Fairy Queen, "we must play new work."

"Oh yes!" agreed all the Fairies.

"It needs," exactly he new," said the Fairy Queen, "but we must start off afresh in our work and get others to start off afresh too."

"We shall do that," said the Fairies.

"And," continued the Fairy Queen, "we shall all go forth today and whisper secrets to the Children."

"What sorts of secrets?" asked the Fairies.

"We shall tell them," said the Fairy Queen, "that to be happy they must be cheerful and pleasant. We will tell them to see how wonderfully it works—just to give it a fair trial. Tell them to get up every morning with a bright smile for everyone they meet. And then they will see how much happier it makes everyone."

"That's a splendid idea," said the Fairies.

"And Ybab with her Fairy orchestra will sing little songs while they sleep—and somehow or other when they wake up the next day they will be so happy. They will not quite know why—but we will know that it is Ybab's wondrous fairy music."

"Ah," stilled Ybab, how happy that makes me! I always love to sing and play. I think I shall sing them a song like this, and Fairy Ybab waved her wand and sang:

"Music, music makes us glad.

"Crossness only makes us sad.

"So let's be happy, bright and gay.

"And then we'll love both work and play."

"That will be a fine song," said the Fairy Queen. "I am sure the Children will love it. Of course they will hear it while they sleep and when they awake they will have forgotten the words—but they will remember the meaning of the song."

"And when shall we start?" asked the Princess Twilight-Bell.

"Let's get started very soon," said the Fairy Princess Joy.

"Oh yes," said Ybab in her silvery voice, "I want to be singing all the time!"

"That is the way you must make the children feel, Ybab," said the Fairy Queen. "They must feel so happy every minute. They must be joyous and have such good times and make everyone around them happy. Don't forget, little Fairies," she added, "to tell the Children to wake up every morning with a smile. That will be such a good start for the day."

"We won't forget," said the Fairies.

"And off they went. All over the Earth they flew and they wore their invisible robes that no one can see but a Fairy. To homes and homes they went and over every child sleeping that night they whispered the Fairy Queen's messages."

"Ybab sang her song, and before she had finished, a smile came on the face of each child who heard her."

"When the Fairies returned to Fairyland where the Fairy Queen was waiting for them, though she had been off on a trip too, they told her of their work."

"Ah," she said, "they will be happy now I feel quite sure, and though they may not know that the Fairies have been to see them, they will somehow feel better—and we know that it will be because of the Fairies!"

It's Worth While.

A new year is surely worth a new effort.

Another Year

Another year is now starting.

At midnight I heard the bells ring

Their final farewell to the old year;

Oh, what will the new year bring?

Shadow and then some sunshine—

Neither can always last;

Sorrow and pain and pleasure—

Just as the year that's past.

None can foretell the future,

It's hidden beyond our gaze;

But most of the year that's coming

Will be made of commonplace days.

Morning and noon and evening

Filled up with little things,

Days of rest and of labor—

These are what each year brings.

Go on then into the future,

With never a thought of fear;

Trusting the hand that leads us

To guide for another year.

—Grace Bulkley.

## IDEALS FOR THE NEW YEAR

By Dr. William Dewitt Hyde.

TO weigh the material in the scales of the personal, and measure life by the standard of love.

To prize health as contagious happiness, wealth as potential service, reputation as latent influence, preparing for the light it can shed, power for the help it can give, station for the good it can do.

To choose in each case what is good as the whole, and accept cheerfully incidental evils involved.

To put my whole self into all that I do and indulge no single desire, at the expense of myself as a whole.

To crowd out fear by devotion to duty, and see present and future as one; to treat others as I would be treated and myself as I would my best friend.

To lend no aid to the foolish, but to let my light shine freely for all.

To make no gain by another's loss, and have no pleasure with another's pain.

To harbor no thought of another which I would be unwilling that other should know.

To say nothing calculated to amuse myself, and nothing false to please others.

To take no pride in weaker men's failings, and bear no malice toward those who do wrong.

To pity the selfish, no less than the poor, the proud as much as the outcast, and the cruel even more than the oppressed.

To worship God in all that is good and true and beautiful.

To serve Christ wherever a hand can be made happy or a wrong will set right, and to recognize God's coming kingdom in every institution and person that helps men to love one another.

## WHAT NEW YEAR'S SIGNIFIES

Time to Resume Another Journey of Life, Starting Out With a Clean Slate.

The need of getting a convenient division of time into days and years which correspond with the movements of the earth and sun is not sufficient explanation of the New Year's festival. That need is wholly mechanical, mathematical, and servicable. The mood of New Year's is not mechanical, mathematical, or servicable. It is wholly one of abandon and heedlessness.

It is such because the day represents an accounting and a sponging of the slate. Life needs renewed beginnings. It cannot lead away across unbroken and unmarked plains. It must have its definite steps, its prospects in the intimate future. The traveler must have in thought as he goes along the road a possibility of a comfortable ending of the day at an inn.

We seek constantly a realization of completeness, of a beginning, a middle, and an end. Life, which is formless, must have form given it. It must have its stopping places, where it relaxes by a fire and is genial. It cannot go on traveling without defined purpose, with no objective, with no lines inviting by the light through social windows. It must have objectives in the near prospect.

It seeks a definite and well laid out plan, a scheme, and, therefore, regardless of the need of dividing time into periods which can be used for the material needs of people, it makes periods which satisfy the demand for an objective.

The New Year's festival is an inn which folk reach at the end of a long journey. They sit a while and are merry. They take up their journey again.—Clifford Raymond.

## Wholly Up to You.

If 1918 is not the best year of your life, you have only yourself to blame.



## When the New Year Came

By May C. Ringwalt



I had been the most romantic of love matches—and in all the land that last day of the old year, there was no more unhappy little woman than Maggie MacKenzie, the bride of six weeks.

And the gates of escape from the heart-brood of it all were shut, for as liberal as Uncle Sam's courts in such matters, the causes of her affliction could hardly be presented in divorce proceedings—a Christmas plum-pudding, a cold in the head, and a small sheet of paper covered with a perfectly illegible, snarly scrawl.

The plum-pudding—arrived a week late on account of bad roads and a holiday congestion of parcel post matter—stood on the living-room table just as she had taken it out of its box. A beautifully molded plum pudding of a city confectioner's consummate art, with an adorable, spiky sprig of real holly stuck in the top. A most Christmas-themey plum pudding that set off all sorts of Christmas homey memories and brought such an aching lump to the little bride's throat that she almost cried out loud.

Yet Christmas itself had not been a bit of a blue day. It was their first Christmas together to begin with, and the joy, the wonder, the triumph of Jamie actually filled her entire thoughts. Right after breakfast they



"I'll Get It Myself," She Said, Fiercely.

had gone on a jolly tramp. Then there had been dinner to get, the fun of cooking the turkey and the laughter of bumping heads as they both flew to the oven door to "baste the baste." And after they had eaten, and done up the dishes, they sat before the cheerful blaze of the living-room's big open fire talking in low, intimate voices far into the night.

But now she was cooped up all day long in the house with this wretched cold in the head, the most forlorn and lonesome of beings, with Jamie away for hours at a time, working on the ranch or, when it rained or snowed too heavily to be outside, tinkering everlastingly in the barn.

And as the proverbial last straw in today's mail had come the little sheet of paper with the illegible snarly scrawl—had come all the way from Scotland.

For that was what had made the love match so romantic, Jamie MacKenzie, whom Maggie had not seen since she was a girl of 14, had come back from the States on a three months' visit to his mother, found the child he had played with flowered into a woman, promptly fallen in love and married her the day before his return to Uncle Sam's land.

And she had gone willingly with him, had willingly left them all behind. Dad and mother; Dave and Wallace and Jean; and—yes, even Bobbie, Bobbie, her own barn, the bonnie 4-year-old little brother whom she always buttoned up in the morning and unbuttoned at night—and counted off "this little pig went to market and this little pig stayed at home" on ten wee upturned toes.

To have given up Bobbie for a mere husband! A husband who no longer loved her, who was so heartless he could stay out there in the barn mending an old plow when his wife needed him so desperately!

The cheery sound of a whistle approached—a man's brisk steps on the porch.

It was Jamie. He was coming into the house. Why couldn't he let her alone, to cry in peace?

"Well, little girl," said a pleasant voice behind her, as she stealthily dabbed away her tears, "any special news from the land of heather?"

"It wasn't a regular letter," she replied coolly. "Just one of Bobbie's love envelopes—Dad had only addressed the scrawl."

"Say, I call that a mean trick," said Jamie, "to get up your expectations for nothing."

A little red spot flared on each of

Maggie's cheeks and her eyes blazed. How dared he insinuate that one of Bobbie's precious letters was nothing. But the anger her eyes shot fell short of their mark—Jamie had spied the plum pudding.

"Hello," he laughed, "so that is what was in the box. I'd just about given it up. It's some pudding, all right, isn't it?" he went on admiringly.

"Since we couldn't have it Christmas, let's celebrate tonight—speed the parting guest of the old year and welcome the new, you know. But I came in to tell you I'm going over to Bly's to take a look at the brooder he wants to sell. So if you'll give me that picture book of Bobbie's, I'll stop at the poor farm as I pass and leave it for the little chap who got there too late for Santa Claus. They say he's terribly lonesome and homesick, poor little kid, and maybe it will cheer him up."

The set line of Maggie's lips twitched.

At the time it had seemed such a simple thing to propose, to give Bobbie's picture book, packed with her own books by mistake, to the new orphan arriving at the farm the beginning of the week; the poor 4-year-old child whose mother had died on Christmas day in a lonely shack up in the mountains.

"You can take the book another time," she evaded, picking up her statute and tating like mad. "I can't bother about it today."

Jamie looked at her, surprised, puzzled.

"Why, I can get it as well as you, dear," he said gently. "It's on the table in our room, isn't it?"

She threw down the tating and sprang up.

"I'll get it myself," she said fiercely, and shot into the adjoining room.

When she brought him the book, her eyes were rimmed in great red circles, but Jamie, impatient to be off, did not notice, or thought the redness came from her cold.

As the front door banged after him, Jamie sank back in the nearest armchair and gave himself up to being miserable.

But Jamie was gone over an hour—time for conscience and euphor to work, and thoroughly ashamed of herself, her head much clearer, she greeted his return with rising spirits, which fell precipitously when he nonchalantly informed her he had invited over the Bly's and Joan Thornton and his wife and the Hopkins girl to spend the evening and eat plum pudding with them.

"Oh, Jamie, why did you?" she said despairingly. "I feel like anything but company tonight."

But the guests had been invited and there was nothing to do but make the best of it.

Yet, as gallantly as she tried, the poor, little bride could not shake off her homesick forlornness.

It was five minutes of 12 by the living-room clock when the hot chocolate and the plum pudding in its blaze of glory were brought in, and as the first stroke of midnight fell upon their talk and laughter, with lifted cups, all sprang to their feet and drank to the new year, deep and long.

All that is, except Maggie MacKenzie.

She took only a hurried sip at her chocolate, then put down her cup and ran and opened the front door.

"Maggie!" cried Jamie. "What are you opening the door for?"

"To let in the New Year, dear," she explained with a forced gaiety. "Don't



The Child Walked Straight Up to Maggie MacKenzie.

you remember we always did it at home?" she added tremulously.

"For the land's sake!"

"The love of Mike!"

Excited exclamations went around, shrieks of half make-believe, half real terror, while the little bride stood staring, white-faced, into the night as though she had seen a ghost, a ghost of Bobbie, her own dear barn for whom her heart had been crying out all day long.

Then out of the darkness into the bright living-room's light stepped a very fresh and blood little boy with tousled, just-out-of-bed hair and small garments put on awry that badly needed buttoning up.

"Why, it's the poor farm's new little orphan!" somebody cried in relief. "What in the world are you doing here, son?"

Ignoring the others, the child walked straight up to Maggie MacKenzie.

"I'm looking for my mother," he said, a catch in his breath.

And with her sad face now radiant, a shining light in her eyes, the homesick little bride gathered him up in her arms and hugged him close.

"If you can't find her, won't I do instead, darling?" she whispered between kisses.

## What Shall He Write on Your Page?



## Peace and Good Will, Words of Comfort Good Will For the New Year

By Samuel Gardiner Ayres.

Across the far Judean hills  
To listening shepherds echoing rang,  
At midnight, faintly, songs of praise,  
Dim, distant songs, in wordless lays,  
When all the stars together sang.

And they, the shepherds, listening long,  
With beating hearts, in awe-filled mood—  
Was this the song Orion sung,  
The mystic, golden aisles among,  
In space-gemmed solitude?

Or were these Asaph's anthems grand,  
Some dusky temple aisles between,  
When heavy censors slowly swung,  
Where sandaled maidens, bending,  
Sung  
Out all their souls, unloved, unseen?

Swart forms stood forth, their girdles loosed,  
With faces toward the midnight sky;  
And, trembling, waited, lips apart,  
Limbs tense, where fullest muscles start,  
And quivering arms upraised high.

Clearer the sound waves swept the plain,  
As all the wide world's pulse stood still,  
Till softly worded fell the strain,  
From Zion's hills rung back again,  
"Peace and good will, good will."

Down went the stalwart shepherd,  
There,  
In humble pose, with hearts aflame,  
To all the earth from Bethlehem's height,  
In solemn watches on that night,  
The dear God's new Evangel came.

All voices joined the solemn chant,  
From David's city to the sea;  
From deep Euphrates' silent tides,  
To Jericho's palm-shaded sides;  
From Gath to Galilee.

In widening circles, sweet and clear,  
From olive grove or palm-crowned hill,  
Swept back that anthem, Heaven-born,  
On harps of gold, by angels borne,  
"Peace and good will, good will."

A thousand years on Time's strong tide  
Have washed the shores of Change;  
Uncounted men have loved, have died,  
And Life and Death, all undefied,  
Have swept earth's widest range.

But still the harpers touch the strings,  
In chorus grander still,  
And ocean's mighty voices sing,  
While all the earth her chorals bring,  
"Peace and good will, good will."

In humble cot on Scotia's beach,  
Or Egypt's stumbrous vale,  
O'er sand-swept deserts, camel trod,  
On snow-crowned Alps upheaved to God,  
The mighty chords prevail.

In vales of musk; o'er hills of burze;  
Spice-scented valleys blest;  
When odoriferous lilies swing their bells  
And sensuous, dew-drunk asphodels  
Their honied lips have prest;

O'er somber pines that sing of death,  
Or sun-kissed meadows still;  
O'er land of leal, o'er land of woe,  
The world-encircling chorals go,  
"Peace and good will, good will."

When changing numbers swinging swift  
The Christ-tide seasons bring—  
To lands where tropic aloe grow,  
To rolling prairies white with snow,  
The bells of gladness ring.

And children's faces beam with mirth,  
And children's glad hearts thrill;  
For them the angel harpers sing,  
For them the joy-bells of Heaven ring,  
"Peace and good will, good will."

—Maude Meredith.



THE hourglass has turned; the last few sands  
That marked the Old Year now have slipped away.  
And in his outstretched hand the New Year holds  
The future of a twelvemonth's span.

Then hail New Year! We bid thee welcome. Thy gifts are many, but not yet disclosed. With thee may come joy or sorrow, pain or loss, failure or success, hope deferred or dreams realized. We bid thee welcome and will try to cherish and improve thy gift of time. We greet thee with a cheer as we undertake our journey in thy care. "Life must march forward in a column of days."

## Thoughts for the New Year

SHE was the sweet Marjoram  
Of the salad, or, rather, the  
Herb of grace.—Shakespeare.

To be weak is miserable,  
Doing, or suffering.  
—Milton, "Paradise Lost."

Blessed is he who has found  
his work; let him ask no other  
blessedness.—Carlyle, "Past and Present."

Honest toil is holy service;  
faithful work is praise and  
prayer.—Henry Van Dyke, "Tolling of Fells."

Hapless woman ne'er can say,  
"My work is done" till judgment day.  
—St. John Honeywood.

Love prays devoutly when it  
prays for love.—Hood, "Hero and Leander."

Just to live is the most important thing in life.  
To appreciate, to admire, to enjoy, is to possess.  
The law of life is love. Love is the one essential thing without which we can only exist.—Benjamin Woodcox.

Smile, Smile, Smile.  
Keep that New Year smile on all the year.

Do Not Soil the Leaf.  
Keep clean that new leaf you will turn over.

## Good Resolutions

By Mary Graham Bonner

(Copyright.)

"The Animals were talking," commenced Daddy. "They were getting quite excited when along came Pinky Pig, who asked what the trouble was all about."

"The Pigeon family," said Mr. and Mrs. Peacock together, "say that as it is around the New Year they should make resolutions—good resolutions."

"Well," granted Pinky, "if you'd talk like a sensible animal and not like one of the silly Grown-Ups, perhaps I could get some sort of an idea what you meant. As it is, I don't know at all. What's a resolution, anyway? And are there bad ones and good ones? That's a silly word. Now good means good, and bad means bad, and what right has that word resolution to be both good and bad?"

"Dear me," chuckled Mrs. Hen, "how irritable you are today Pinky. You should be pleasant and try to make good resolutions, too."

"But how can I make something I don't understand?" squealed Pinky.

"Resolutions," crowed Mr. Rooster, "are resolves! There! That's something for you!" And Mr. Rooster strutted about proudly.

"You see," he continued, "we can resolve to be good or we can resolve to be bad. And when a New Year is beginning it is well to resolve to be good."

"That's nonsense," granted Pinky. "I don't care to resolve to be good. Nor do I care to resolve to be bad. I'll just be natural and a regular pig."

"We think it's silly for us," said the Peacocks, "as we're about as perfect as can be."

"You're conceited," said the Pigeons. "You should resolve not to think so well of yourselves."

"But how can we help it?" answered the Peacocks. "We have something to be vain about."

"You're hopeless," said the Pigeons. "What is every other animal resolving?" asked Pinky.

"I am going to be up bright and early every morning," said Mr. Rooster. "You do that anyway," said Pinky.

"I might as well resolve to wade in every bit of mud I see. Of course, in the winter that's hard, but then I can do my best!"

"And I am going to lay lots of eggs," said Mrs. Hen.

"I am going to give good milk," said Mrs. Cow.

"I shall protect the sheep," said the Sheep Dog.

"And I shall look after the farmer's house," barked the Watch Dog.

"I have decided to let the children drive me," brayed the Donkey.

"We shall pick up as many bread-

crumbs as we can find," chirped some Sparrows who had been listening.

"And I shall give some very fine goat's milk," said the Goat.

"Well, did I ever?" exclaimed Pinky.

"What do you mean?" asked Mr. Rooster. "Here are all you animals bragging about what you will do. You have all said you would do the things that you always do—you have not made any good resolutions, as you call them. You simply will do the things that it is natural for you to do. The Peacocks are honest, because they know they won't change. But the rest of you—Bah!" And Pinky squealed in disgust.

"I'll Just Be a Regular Pig."

"I don't know about that," said Mrs. Cow. "I would give milk no matter what time of the year it might be, and it's certainly not a good resolution for me."

"And I'd lay eggs," agreed Mrs. Hen.

"I'd have to take the children for rides," said the Donkey, "as they fasten me to a cart."

"Didn't I say I was right?" said Pinky.

"I hate to admit it, though," said Mr. Rooster, putting his head on one side and looking very mournful.

"You might just as well," said Pinky.

"Besides," said Mr. Rooster, "we'll have to think up entirely new resolutions. Things that will be hard for us to do. It's a great nuisance."

"That's true," said Pinky, with a wicked grin. "It is always easiest to do what comes natural to us and to say we're so good doing it. But we Pigs are natural and we don't put on any airs about resolutions. Such nonsense!"

"We'll have to think all over again," crowed Mr. Rooster, slowly and sadly.

How to Be Happy.

The happiest New Year is for those who seek the happiness of others.

New Year, Good Morning

New Year, good morning! Come and bring  
Us days that smile and days that sing  
Out from the drifts of swirling snow  
That through the mur y midnight blow  
And clutch with frosty hands and cling.  
Hark! How the joy bells chime and ring  
Thy birth and new hope set a-ving.  
With hands outstretched you come; and so  
New Year, good morning!  
New courage greets their clamoring—  
The thought of friends, the thought of spring,  
Of kindly solace for our woe,  
Of happiness we're still to know;  
We wait your accolade, O King!  
New Year, good morning!  
—Alexander Maclean.

## Signs of a New Year





# MARRIAGES

## Strong-Terry

Mr. Calli Strong and Miss Ruth Terry were united in marriage at the home of the bride's parents Mr. and Mrs. W. T. Terry, at high noon Thursday, Dec. 20 1917. The wedding march was played by Mrs. Lester Terry as the bridal party entered the parlor. A cousin of the bride Mr. L. W. Terry walked in with the groom and acted as best man while the bride's best friend, a neighbor girl Miss Minnie Corley was the maid of honor. The Rev. W. T. Oakley officiated in his usual happy style, uniting these fine young people for better or for worse for life. The bride is the only daughter of squire W. T. Terry and wife and is a fine christian character and endowed by nature with those good and womanly traits necessary to make a home happy. She was educated in Marion High school and has many friends here and is related to many of the most prominent families in this section, the Witherspoons, Wilsons, Condit's Terrys, Griffiths and others.

The groom came to this section from Tennessee several years ago and has by his industry, thrift, honesty, and integrity, won a high place in the esteem of all who know him.

He had no rich relatives to back him and what he has accomplished has been by his own efforts unaided.

The bridal party and a few relatives and neighbors were entertained with a banquet immediately after the ceremony which consisted of all the good things the climate and market affords, prepared in her own superior and dainty way.

The happy couple left for Evansville on the 3 o'clock train and from there on to Chicago to visit her brother Rufus Terry.

On their return they will reside with the bride's parents on the home place where the groom has been employed for several years and where he is appreciated for his kindness, reliability and honesty.

The Record-Press extends best wishes and congratulations.

## Newcom-Koon

A quietly solemnized marriage of yesterday was that of Miss Vess Koon and Mr. C. C. Newcom, which took place at 8 o'clock at the home of the officiant, the Rev. C. L. Skinner. The attendants were the bride's sister, Mrs. Nell K. Miller, and friend, and Mr. and Mrs. Bradshaw. The bride, who is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Koon of Kentucky has many friends here where she has made her home with her sister for the past two years. She wore a traveling costume of blue cloth with hat to match.

Mr. Newcom is from Marion, Ky., and they will leave shortly to make their home there.

## Nashville Banner

The groom is a son of Vess Newcom of the Weston station, and is a teacher of note, having resided in Colorado for several years. The bride is also a teacher and it was here in this county that the attachment was formed, which has ripened into love the consummation of which was the marriage of last week. They have the best wishes of many friends.

## Morgan-Crider

Mr. Otho Morgan, son of Laws Morgan and Miss Ambie Crider daughter of Roe Crider, both of the Gladstone section came to the city Thursday morning Dec. 20, 1917 and after procuring the necessary papers went to the residence of Rev. W. T. Oakley,

where he united them in marriage in his best style, after which they proceeded to Louisville where the groom who is a soldier is now stationed with his regiment and they will reside there until he is transferred or is ordered to France.

## Summerville-Vaughn

Mr. Percy Summerville of the Mattoon section and Miss Ruby Vaughn of Seminary section were united in marriage Friday afternoon, Dec. 21st 1917 at 2 o'clock, Rev. R. F. Richardson officiating in a beautiful and impressive ceremony. They were attended by Mr. Doyle Vaughn, a cousin of the bride and Miss Allene Nunn, a Ros-bud belle.

The bridal party was entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. John Vaughn, the bride's parents that evening and next day they went to the home of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Summerville where a wedding banquet was served at high noon. They will go to house keeping as soon as they can get their home fitted up and furnished. This wedding unites two of the county's most prominent families, the bride being a grand daughter of the late Peter Shewmaker, the merchant, farmer, capitalist; and the groom a grandson of R. L. Moore, sr., the merchant, banker of Mattoon. The bride is a graduate of the Marion Graded and High school and is quite pretty and well versed in those traits needful in a housewife in this day of progress.

The groom is the youngest son of Mr. and Mrs. G. D. Summerville and will make a husband worthy of his bonny bride.

# COULD HARDLY STAND ALONE

Terrible Suffering From Headache, Sideache, Backache, and Weakness, Relieved by Cardui, Says This Texas Lady.

Gonzales, Tex.—Mrs. Minnie Philpot, of this place, writes: "Five years ago I was taken with a pain in my left side. It was right under my left rib. It would commence with an aching and extend up into my left shoulder and on down into my back. By that time the pain would be so severe I would have to take to bed and suffered usually about three days. I suffered this way for three years, and got to be a mere skeleton and was so weak I could hardly stand alone. Was not able to go anywhere and had to let my house work go. I suffered awful with a pain in my back and I had the headache all the time. I just was unable to do a thing. My life was a misery, my stomach got in an awful condition, caused from taking so much medicine. I suffered so much pain. I had just about given up all hopes of our getting anything to help me.

One day a Birthday Almanac was thrown in my yard. After reading its testimonials I decided to try Cardui, and am so thankful that I did for I began to improve when on the second bottle. I am now a well woman and feeling fine and the cure has been permanent for it has been two years since my awful bad health. I will always praise and recommend Cardui." Try Cardui today. E. T.

# DEATHS

The word has just been received that Uncle Charlie Burgett who has been the head carpenter in erecting the new Y. M. C. A. building, has just passed away. Mr. Burgett resided in Marion, Ky. but has been staying at the hotel where about a week ago he was stricken with paralysis. "Uncle Charlie," as we had learned to call him, had won a place of high esteem in the hearts of the people of Rosiclare. Though he was over 73 years old he performed the difficult and important task of framing the roof and interior of the largest building in the county in masterly fashion. He took great pride in his work and in his own words "put things up stay." Despite his years it would have taxed the efforts of

many a younger man to have turned out the amount of work that he accomplished with little help and many hindrances. So long as Uncle Charlie was on the job, we were sure that the Y. M. C. A. was being put up right and would never collapse, however heavy the storm or great the crowd.

"Uncle Charlie" was a true and faithful soldier in that vast army at the rear, made up of workers in every trade and industry—an army that the President and all the country have come to recognize as of equal importance with the army at front for the winning of the present great war in behalf of human rights and freedom. His arms were the tools that he had learned to wield so skillfully. But now he has fallen in the heat of life's daily battle and some one else will have to complete the work so well begun by him. It is vastly better to wear out than to rust out and "Uncle Charlie" passed away happy in the thought that he had stayed in the harness to the end.

Nothing great and worth while is accomplished without the expenditure of much wealth and labor and sometimes at great cost of health and life. The Y. M. C. A. building will be a memorial to all who have taken part in its construction and those who have been the most closely associated with the undertaking will never forget the credit that is due Uncle Charlie for his part of the work. Every one regrets that he could not have lived to complete the building and see it in use, but;

"There is a reaper whose name is death

And with his sickle keen,  
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,  
And the flowers that grow between."

The promoters of the Y. M. C. A. and the corps of workers engaged in building it, join with the many others in Rosiclare who had become acquainted with "Uncle Charlie" and cherished his friendship, in expressing their profound sympathy for the bereaved ones who mourn his passing.

He does well who does his best;  
Is he weary? Let him rest,  
Brothers! I have done my best,

I am weary—let me rest."

Rosiclare Sentinel

Charles Joseph Burgett was born in Baden Germany, March 31st 1845. He came to Marion in 1869 from Terre Haute, Indiana. He was married to Miss Susan E. Parmley of this county Oct. 18th, 1871. He united with the M. E. Church South of this city a few years ago, since then, every Sunday morning you would see him at his usual pew at the services in that church. He died in Rosiclare Ills. Dec. 20th 1917 at 2:30 P. M. His remains were brought here for burial, the funeral being conducted at the residence by the Rev. James A. Chandler of Louisville Ky.

He leaves a wife, one son, John N. Burgett of Dallas Texas and five daughters, Mrs. J. M. Fritts, Mrs. Emmitt Fritts, and Miss Gussie of this place, Mrs. Emma Hill of Crayne Ky, and Mrs. Marion Clark of Sikeston, Mo.

The Record Press extends all sympathy to his loved ones.

## Luther Morse Dead

John Luther Morse was born August 18th, 1896. He professed faith in Christ and joined the Cumberland Presbyterian church at Sugar Grove in Oct. 1907 at the age of 11 years. As he grew older he became worldly minded and for a time seemed to lose sight of God, but in his last illness he came back to God and like the "prodigal son" he repented of all his sins. He said if it was God's will for him to live, he would live and serve

him always; but if it was God's will for him to die, he was ready to go. His suffering was so great that in his last hours he prayed for God to take him to Heaven, out of his suffering. He expressed regret that he had not improved his time since he had been a christian and said that he saw where he could have done so much good had he lived a true christian life all the time.

The night before he died, he called the family into his room and gave them his dying message. It was a beautiful one, and one they will never forget. He also left a message for his brother Isam, who is now in France. He was ambitious to serve his country and joined the army but was rejected on account of organic heart trouble. He was a loving son and brother, always ready to help in any way. On account of his frail strength he had to give up farm work. He went to Detroit, Mich. and was made manager of one department of the Packard Motor Co., but gave up that position when his older brother, Lee was called to the training station at Louisville, and came home to help in harvesting the crops. His strength was not sufficient for the work and he was compelled to quit work. Not a hint of his failing strength was ever heard by his mother as long as he was able to be up. He was always cheerful, kind hearted, and generous; a friend to all.

He died Dec. 27th 1917, at the age of 21 years 4 months and 4 days. The funeral was conducted by Rev. W. T. Oakley in the presence of a large and sympathetic congregation. The floral offering was beautiful, the casket being completely covered with the prettiest of flowers.

Luther leaves a faithful mother, three brother, and four sisters, they being: Ruth, Lee, Isam, Carrie, Rebecca, Fannie, and Dean. Eight children, and Luther, the fifth being the first to die. His father having died a number of years ago in California.

The funeral was held in Sugar Grove church and the body laid to rest in the Sugar Grove cemetery.

Harrison Dane McDowell, born in this county in Feb. 13th., 1894, son of Jasper N. McDowell and Ellen Porter McDowell, died Sunday morning, Dec. 30th., 1917, of measles and pneumonia, at Sackets Harbor, N. Y. where he volunteered to serve about 2 months ago.

Capt. McGlorer of Ft. Madison wired his father for instructions as to the disposition of the body and received orders to ship the remains back to his old home for burial.

The interment will take place at Pleasant Hill Church where his mother and two sister are buried; but the exact date will depend on the time the corps arrives here from the east.

## Dies In The Service Of The U. S. Government.

Eugene Threlkeld only son of H. L. and Noly Threlkeld of Carlsville, Ky., died in the hospital at Camp Taylor Louisville, Ky., Dec. 29th, 1917. Measles followed by pneumonia and an operation was the cause of his death.

He was one of Livingston County's handsomest and most promising young men. And bid fair to make his mark in the world and in the service of his country. While he was the only son and only child in the Threlkeld home, yet he was not a spoiled boy.

Exemplary and manly are but feeble words to use in expressing the traits of character that belonged to this young life. Moral, religious and clean, high toned and a real patriot at heart. While in the hospital he told his father and mother that he would love to get well and come home, but said he was in the hands of his country and of his God. If he got well he

would be willing to go to France or serve in the United States or go home as the government thought best and if it was the Lords' will that he should not get well he was ready to die.

Such heroism is rarely manifested in one so young. He served his country well and gave his, all for the cause of human liberty. Victims of the deep blue ocean, the murderous submarine and the battle scarred fields of sunny suffering France will never cross his pathway no more.

The boast of heraldry  
The pomp of power  
And all that wealth or beauty  
e'er  
Await alike the inevitable hour  
gave,  
The paths of glory leads but to the grave  
A treasured sacrifice in a glorious cause!

The cause of suffering and bleeding humanity. A martyr to freedom's cause. A true soldier cheerful and loyal to the sacred oath he made to his country. A devotee at the shrine of Old Glory and at the altar of his God.

Peace to his ashes! And while his body lies in the beautiful cemetery at Marion, Ky., where it was laid by tender and loving hands on New Years day 1918. His memory lives in the hearts of hundreds of kind friends who shall never forget that he died in a glorious cause and shall have his reward in this world and in the world to come.

Robert Calvin Worley an aged citizen died at the home of Mrs. Josie Worley near the northern city limits, Sunday night Dec. 23, 1917 at 9 o'clock. He was not ill but a few days with the disease incident to old age. He was born in 1836, Sept. 19th, in Smith County Tennessee, and came to this section over 50 years ago, and was generally and favorably known. He followed gun smithing for several years. He was a charter member of Crooked Creek Baptist church and lived up to the tenets of the church at all times. His sickness dated back only a week prior to his death. He was never married and is survived by two brothers, J. D. Worley of this city and M. T. Worley of the Forest Grove section. His remains were interred Monday afternoon at Crooked Creek. Rev. Rufus R. Robinson officiated.

# WHAT IS LAX-POS

LAX-POS IS AN IMPROVED CATHARTIC. A DIGESTIVE LAXATIVE.

CATHARTIC AND LAXATIVE. LAX-POS is not a secret or a magic cure but is composed of pure, old-fashioned roots and herbs.

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In LAX-POS, Cascara is the addition of the most potent cathartics making it better than any other. It is a stimulating laxative and is the but also as a digestive and liver. Syrup laxatives are weak, but LAX-POS combines strength with pleasant taste and does not grip or irritate the stomach. Only the best LAX-POS is available for Constipation Indication or Torpid Bowels. Price 50c.

# IN SOCIETY

In honor of the visiting soldier boys, Frank Newcom, Orville Lamb and others and of the visiting students from the State College, Miss Gladys Hardy entertained at her home on Bellville street, Friday evening, Dec. 21st. There were forty or more besides and the affair was a delightful one, and the most largely attended function of the holiday season. Progressive conversation was engaged in.

A course consisting of coffee, sandwiches, salad, pickles and mints was served.

Among those whom we noted present were: Misses Katie May, Elizabeth Cook, Clara Margaret Orme, Imogene Mianer, Lena Maude Guess, Nonie Belle Williams, Melba Williams, Nellie Stone, Maurice Mitchell, Lucile

Moore, Virginia Guess, Virginia Flannery, Zula Threlkeld, Myrtle Glavin, Lilie Belle Dann, Miriam Pierce, Messrs: Gleaford Rankin, Oral Flannery, Newton Moore, Homer McConnell, Neville Moore, Neil Guess, Charley Stewart, Orville Lamb, Orville Threlkeld, Creed Threlkeld, Raymond Moss, Frank Newcom, Lawson Paris, Clyde Ramage, Robert Hamilton, Hobert Travis and John Flannery.

Miss Hardy proved herself a pleasing entertainer. Everyone enjoyed the evening and seemed to partake of the manner of the fair hostess who seemed to delight in making each one enjoy the occasion, feel perfectly at home and be as pleasant as herself.

On New Years night Mr. and Mrs. Creed Taylor gave a dance which was one of the most enjoyable of the social functions during the holidays.

Miss Linda Jenkins was hostess to an informal dance on Monday Eve of last week.

## SALEM

A happy New Year. May it bring Peace on earth and good will to man.

Misses Joy Larue, Corinne Graves, Marjorie Pierce, and Lois Roberts, returned to School work in Bowling Green Jan 1st, having spent the holidays with home folks.

Miss Electa Alvis has sold her farm to John Watson and moved to town with her mother.

Earl Clark, Electrician of the Battleship, "New Jersey" spent a short furlough with home folks in Pinckneyville. Gay Clark, Dennis Gibbs and Max Johnson of Camp Shelby, also enjoyed the holidays with home folks.

Frank Holland and family of Savanna, Tenn., visited parents and friends here, and Pinckneyville last week.

Prof. Phelps and wife visited James Sullenger and family near Marion last week.

Miss Nell Underwood spent the holidays with homefolks near Hamilton and Miss Lillian Love with folks near Carlsville.

The New Year finds our school moving on to greater work and higher standards in the hands of progressive teachers. Let parents send their children to school.

Mrs. Elvin Marshall returned to her home in Kuttawa Monday after a several weeks visit here. The guest of Miss Heulton Riley.

Mrs. Alda Wolford and daughter, Miss Willie, attended the Eugene Threlkeld funeral services in Marion Monday.

The Christmas Giving Spirit abounded most delightfully here, the Merchants report an unusually large holiday trade. The Sunday School and Public School distributed gifts alike to all. The Baptist pastor and family were most generously remembered. His home was a veritable display of useful articles from pantry to library. Happy pastor among a loyal people.

Messdames J. D. Harris, Alma Matlock, Vena Waddell, and Alda Wolford gave the young people delightful entertainments in their homes during the holidays.

## Rural Carrier Examination

The United States Civil Service Commission has announced an examination for the County of Crittenden, to be held at Marion, Kentucky, on Jan., 26, 1918 to fill the position of rural carrier at Tolu Ky., and vacancies that may later occur on rural routes from other post offices in the above-mentioned county. The examination will be open only to male citizens who are actually domiciled in the territory of a post office in the county and who meet the other requirements set forth in Form No. 1977. This form and application blanks may be obtained from the offices mentioned above or from the United States Civil Service Commission at Washington at the earliest practicable date.

## Catarrhal Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure catarrhal deafness and that is by a constitutional remedy. Catarrhal Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result. Unless the inflammation can be reduced and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Many cases of deafness are caused by catarrh, which is an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. Hall's Catarrh Medicine acts thru the blood on the mucous surfaces of the system.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Catarrhal Deafness that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Medicine. Circulars Free. All Druggists.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.